BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE FORM OF MORNING AND OF EVENING PRAYER

AND FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF

THE LORD'S SUPPER

TOGETHER WITH THE

BAPTISMAL AND MARRIAGE SERVICES

Stopford A. Brooke

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THE ORDER FOR

MORNING PRAYER.

¶ *At the beginning of Morning Prayer the Minister shall read one or more of these Sentences of the Scriptures that follow. And then he shall say that which is written after the said Sentences.*

WHEN the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness; Thou hast enlarged me when I was in

distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

Sing, O Heavens, and be joyful, O Earth, and break forth into singing, O Mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy on his afflicted.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are venerable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue—if there be any praise—Think of these things.

I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

DEARLY beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness: Wherefore I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me;

¶ *A general Confession.*

To be said of the whole Congregation after the Minister, all kneeling.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done: And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, who desirest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness, and live; and hast promised

to thy people, being penitent, the Absolution and Remission of their sins; Grant to us true repentance, and thy holy Spirit, that those things may please thee, which we do at this present; and that the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy; so that at the last we may come to thy eternal joy, with Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

¶ *Then the Minister shall say,*

O Lord, open thou our lips.

Answer. And our mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

Minister. O God, make speed to save us.

Answer. O Lord, make haste to help us.

¶ *Here all standing up, the Minister shall say,*

Glory be to God on high, the Father everlasting.

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Minister. Praise ye the Lord.

Answer. The Lord's name be praised.

¶ *Then shall be said or sung this Psalm following.*

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO. *Psalm* XCV.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving: and shew ourselves glad in him with Psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are all the corners of the earth: and the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship, and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts: as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness;

When your fathers tempted me: proved me, and saw my works.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said: It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my ways.

Unto whom I sware in my wrath: that they should not enter into my rest. Amen.

¶ *Then shall follow the Psalms as they are appointed; and after the Psalms shall be read the First Lesson, taken out of the Old Testament. And after that, one of the following Hymns of Praise.*

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

WE praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee: the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin: continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles: praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs: praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge thee;

The Father: of an infinite Majesty;

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants: whom thou hast redeemed in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints: in glory everlasting.

O Lord save thy people: and bless thine heritage.

Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

Day by day: we magnify thee;

And we worship thy Name: ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

¶ *Or this Canticle.*

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA.

O ALL ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Sun, and Moon, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Stars of Heaven, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Showers, and Dew, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Winter and Summer, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O let the Earth bless the Lord: yea, let it praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Mountains, and Valleys, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Seas, and all that move in the Waters, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O all ye Beasts, and Cattle, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

O let Heaven and Earth bless the Lord: praise him, and magnify him for ever.

Glory be to God on high, the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *Or this Psalm.*

CŒLI ENARRANT. *Psalm* xix.

THE heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another.

There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them.

Their sound is gone out into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the

heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever : the judgements of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold : sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant taught : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can tell how oft he offendeth : O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.

Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me : so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart : be always acceptable in thy sight,

O Lord : my strength, and my redeemer.

Glory be to God on high, the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

¶ *Then shall be read the Second Lesson, taken out of the New Testament. And after that, the Hymn following.*

BENEDICTUS. *St. Luke* i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lord God of Israel : for he hath visited and redeemed his people ;

And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us : in the house of his servant David ;

As he spake by the mouth of his holy Prophets : which have been since the world began ;

That we should be saved from our enemies : and from the hands of all that hate us ;

To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers : and to remember his holy Covenant ;

To perform the oath which he sware to our forefather Abraham : that he would give us ;

That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies : might serve him without fear ;

In holiness and righteousness before him: all the days of our life.

And thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people for the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God: whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us;

To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

Glory be to God on high: the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *Or this Psalm.*

JUBILATE DEO. *Psalm* c.

O BE joyful in the Lord, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting: and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

Glory be to God on high: the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *And after that, these Prayers following, all devoutly kneeling; the Minister first pronouncing with a loud voice,*

The Lord be with you.

Answer. And with thy spirit.

Minister. Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, hear our prayer.

And let our cry come unto thee.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our

trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

¶ *Then the Minister shall say,*

O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us.

Answer. And grant us thy salvation.

Minister. O Lord, save the Queen.

Answer. And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

Minister. Endue thy Ministers with righteousness.

Answer. And make thy chosen people joyful.

Minister. O Lord, save all people.

Answer. And bless thine inheritance.

Minister. Give peace in all time, O Lord.

Answer. Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God.

Minister. O God, make clean our hearts within us.

Answer. And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

¶ *Then shall follow two Collects; the first for Peace; the second for Grace to live well.*

The First Collect, for Peace.

O GOD, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom; Defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries. *Amen.*

The Second Collect, for Grace.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; Defend us in the same with thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance, to do always that is righteous in thy sight in Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

¶ *In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem*

¶ *Then the prayers following are to be read.*

A Prayer for the Queen and Royal Family.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen *VICTORIA, Albert Edward* Prince of *Wales*, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family: Endue them with thy Holy Spirit: enrich them with thy heavenly grace; prosper them with all happiness; and bring them to thine everlasting kingdom. *Amen.*

A Prayer for the Clergy and People.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels; Send down upon all Ministers of thy truth, and all Congregations committed to their charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace; and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing in Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A Prayer for the High Court of Parliament, to be read during their Session.

MOST gracious God, we humbly beseech thee, as for this Kingdom in general, so especially for the High Court of Parliament, at this time assembled: That thou wouldest be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of thy kingdom, the safety, honour and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions; that all things being so ordered and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us and set forward among all nations, until thy Kingdom come on Earth, as it is in Heaven. *Amen.*

A Collect or Prayer for all conditions of Men.

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that thou wouldest be pleased to make thy ways known unto them, thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for the good estate of the Church universal;

that it may be so guided and governed by thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those, who are any ways afflicted or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; [**especially those for whom our prayers are desired*,] that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. *Amen.*

* This to be said when any desire the prayers of the Congregation.

A General Thanksgiving.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men; [**particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them.*] We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine

* This to be said when any that have been prayed for desire to return praise.

inestimable love in the redemption of the world; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days. *Amen.*

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and whose Son, Jesus Christ, hath promised that when two or three are gathered together in his Name, he will be in the midst of them: Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

Here endeth the order of Morning Prayer.

THE ORDER FOR

EVENING PRAYER.

¶ *At the beginning of Evening Prayer the Minister shall read one or more of these Sentences of the Scriptures that follow, And then he shall say that which is written after the said Sentences.*

THE sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight—O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

DEARLY beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness. Wherefore I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace, saying after me ;

¶ *A general Confession.*

To be said of the whole Congregation after the Minister, all kneeling.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done: And we have done those things which we ought not to have done. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou

them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, who desirest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live; and hast promised to thy people, being penitent, the Absolution and Remission of their sins; Grant to us true repentance, and thy Holy Spirit, that those things may please thee which we do at this present; and that the rest of our life hereafter may be pure, and holy; so that at the last we may come to thy eternal joy, with Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our

trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

¶ *Then the Minister shall say,*

O Lord, open thou our lips.

Answer. And our mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

Minister. O God, make speed to save us.

Answer. O Lord, make haste to help us.

¶ *Here all standing up, the Minister shall say,*

Glory be to God on high, the Father everlasting.

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Minister. Praise ye the Lord.

Answer. The Lord's name be praised.

¶ *Then shall be said or sung the Psalms as they are appointed. And after the Psalms shall be read the First Lesson, taken out of the Old Testament. And after that, one of the following Canticles.*

MAGNIFICAT. *St. Luke* i.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Glory be to God on high: the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *Or this Psalm.*

CANTATE DOMINO. *Psalm* xcviii.

O SING unto the Lord a new song: for he hath done marvellous things.

With his own right hand, and with his holy arm: hath he gotten himself the victory.

The Lord declared his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel: and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands: sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

Praise the Lord upon the harp: sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

With trumpets also and shawms: O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is: the round world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills

be joyful together before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth.

With righteousness shall he judge the world: and the people with equity.

Glory be to God on high: the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *Then shall be read the Second Lesson, taken out of the New Testament. And after that, the Song of Symeon as followeth.*

NUNC DIMITTIS. *St. Luke* ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people:

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to God on high: the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *Or else this Psalm; except it be on the Twelfth Day of the Month.*

DEUS MISEREATUR. *Psalm* lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us: and shew us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.

That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.

God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.

Glory be to God on high: the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *And after that, these Prayers following, all devoutly kneeling; the Minister first pronouncing with a loud voice,*

The Lord be with you.

Answer. And with thy spirit.

Minister. Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, hear our prayer.

And let our cry come unto thee.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

¶ *Then the Minister shall say,*

O Lord, shew thy mercy upon us.

Answer. And grant us thy salvation.

Minister. O Lord, save the Queen.

Answer. And mercifully hear us when we call upon thee.

Minister. Endue thy Ministers with righteousness.

Answer. And make thy chosen people joyful.

Minister. O Lord, save all people.

Answer. And bless thine inheritance.

Minister. Give peace in our time, O Lord.

Answer. Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God.

Minister. O God, make clean our hearts within us.

Answer. And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

¶ *Then shall follow two Collects; the first for Peace; the second for Aid against all Perils.*

The first Collect at Evening Prayer.

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in the rest and quietness of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Second Collect, for Aid against all Perils.

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; And grant that in all our troubles we may serve thee in holiness and pureness of living in the love of Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

¶ *In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem.*

¶ *Then the Prayers following are to be read.*

A Prayer for the Queen and Royal Family.

O LORD, our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen *VICTORIA*, *Albert Edward* Prince of *Wales*, the Princess of *Wales*, and all the Royal Family: Endue them with thy Holy Spirit: enrich them with thy heavenly grace; prosper them with all happiness; and bring them to thine everlasting kingdom. *Amen.*

A Prayer for the Clergy and People.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels; Send down upon all Ministers of thy truth, and all Congregations committed to their charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace; and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Collect or Prayer for all conditions of Men.

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that thou wouldest be pleased to make thy ways known unto them, thy saving health unto all nations. More especially, we pray for the good estate of the Church universal; that it may be so guided and governed by thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to thy

fatherly goodness, all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; [* *especially those for whom our prayers are desired,*] that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. *Amen.*

* This to be said when any desire the prayers of the Congregation.

A General Thanksgiving.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men; [* *particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them.*] We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due

* This to be said when any that have been prayed for desire to return praise.

sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days. *Amen.*

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and whose Son, Jesus Christ, hath promised that when two or three are gathered together in his Name, he will be in the midst of them: Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

2 *Cor.* xiii. 14.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

Here endeth the order of Evening Prayer.

THE ORDER OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The Collect.[1]

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy Holy Name, in the love of Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

¶ *Then shall the Minister, turning to the people, rehearse these Commandments.*

THE Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Minister. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

People. Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all this thy law in our hearts, we beseech thee.

Or these sayings, commonly called the Beatitudes.

Minister. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

People. Amen.

Minister. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

People. Amen.

Minister. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

People. Amen.

Minister. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

People. Amen.

Minister. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

People. Amen.

Minister. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

People. Amen.

Minister. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

People. Amen.

Minister. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

People. Amen.

Then shall be said the Collect for the Day; and after the Collect, the Epistle and Gospel. And the Gospel ended, all the people shall sing,

GLORY be to God on high: the Father everlasting.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

¶ *Then shall notice be given of the administration of the Lord's Supper, and of such other things as be needful.*

And a Hymn being sung, the Sermon shall follow. And after the Sermon the Minister shall read one or more of the Sentences following, according to his discretion.

LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth; where the rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.

Zacchæus stood forth, and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have done any wrong to any man, I restore fourfold.

He that soweth little shall reap little; and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously. Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart, not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.

While we have time, let us do good unto all men; and specially unto them that are of the household of faith.

Godliness is great riches, if a man be content with that he hath: for we brought nothing into the world, neither may we carry anything out.

Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give, and glad to distribute; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may attain eternal life.

To do good, and to distribute, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?

Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

¶ *Whilst these Sentences are in reading, the Churchwardens, or other fit persons appointed for that purpose, shall receive the Alms for the Poor.*

After which done the Minister shall say,

Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here in earth.

ALMIGHTY and everliving God, we humbly beseech thee most mercifully [*to accept our alms and oblations, and*] to receive these our prayers, which we offer unto thy Divine Majesty; beseeching thee to inspire continually the universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord: And grant, that all they that do confess thy holy Name may agree in the truth of thy holy Word, and live in unity, and godly love. And to all thy people give thy heavenly grace; and especially to this congregation here present; that, with meek heart and due reverence, they may truly serve thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of their life. And we most humbly beseech thee of thy goodness, O Lord, to comfort and succour all them, who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity. And we also bless thy holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear: beseeching thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom. *Amen.*

¶ *Then shall the Minister say,*

YE that do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbours, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy ways; Draw near with faith, and take the Supper of the Lord to your comfort; and make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling upon your knees.

¶ *Then shall this general Confession be made.*

ALMIGHTY God, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; We acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, Which we from time to time, most grievously have committed, By thought, word, and deed, Against thy Divine Majesty. We do earnestly repent, And are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; Have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; Forgive us all that is past; And grant that we may ever hereafter, Serve and please thee, In newness of life, To the honour and glory of thy Name. Amen.

¶ *Then shall the Minister declare God's forgiveness of sins.*

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, who of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto him; Have mercy upon you: pardon and deliver you from all your sins; confirm and strengthen you in all goodness; and bring you to everlasting life with Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith unto all that truly turn to him.

COME unto me, all that travail, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.

St. Matt. xi. 28.

I AM the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one flock and one Shepherd. *St. John* x. 11, 16.

Hear also what St. Paul saith.

I BOW my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height: and to know the love of Christ, that passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. *Eph.* iii. 14-19.

Hear also what St. John saith.

BELOVED, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure. 1 *John* iii. 2, 3.

¶ *After which the Minister shall say,*

Lift up your hearts.

Answer. We lift them up unto the Lord.

Minister. Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.

Answer. It is meet and right to do so.

¶ *Then shall the Minister say,*

IT is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father Almighty, Everlasting God.

¶ *And all the people shall reply with him,*

THEREFORE with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name; evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts; heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Glory be to thee, O Lord, most High. Amen.

¶ *Then shall the Minister say, in the name of all present, this Prayer following.*

WE do not presume to come to thee, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy. Grant therefore, gracious Lord, that, in hunger and thirst after righteousness, we may be filled with Jesus Christ, and ever more dwell in him, and he in us. *Amen.*

And after that, the Minister shall say this Prayer, as followeth.

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, whose Son Jesus Christ did institute, and in his holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of his death and passion; Hear us, we most humbly beseech thee, and grant that we, receiving these thy creatures of bread and wine, may alway remember the exceeding great love of our Master, and follow the blessed steps of his most holy life; Who in the same night that he was betrayed took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it and gave it to his disciples,

saying, Take, eat, this is my body which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me. Likewise after Supper, he took the Cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many. Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

¶ *Then shall the Minister, having partaken of the bread and wine, deliver them to the people, saying, when he delivereth the bread,*

TAKE and eat this in remembrance of Christ.

And when he delivered the cup :—

DRINK this in remembrance of Christ.

¶ *And when all have received, the Minister shall say the Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our

trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, The power and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

¶ *After shall be said as followeth.*

O LORD and heavenly Father, we thy humble servants entirely desire thy fatherly goodness mercifully to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; most humbly beseeching thee to grant, that we and all thy whole Church both in Heaven and earth, may be gathered together in one communion in Christ Jesus. And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and lively sacrifice unto thee, humbly beseeching thee so to fulfil us with thy grace and heavenly benediction, that we may continue in that holy fellowship, and daily be renewed by thy Spirit unto the eternal kingdom which thou hast promised us by Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

¶ *Then shall be said or sung.*

GLORY be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, our Redeemer, one God and Father of all, have mercy upon us.

O Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, deliver us from evil, for thine is the power: Fill us with thine eternal life; Receive our prayer.

For thou only art the Lord: Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, be unto thee for ever and ever. Amen.

THE peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty be amongst you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

THE ORDER OF THE

BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

Hear the words of the Gospel, written by Saint Mark, in the tenth Chapter, at the thirteenth Verse.

THEY brought young children to Christ, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

¶ *After the Gospel is read, the Minister shall make this brief Exhortation upon the words of the Gospel.*

BELOVED, ye hear in this Gospel the words of Jesus Christ, that he commanded the children to be brought unto him; how he blamed those that would have kept them from him; how he exhorteth all men to follow their innocency. Ye perceive how by his outward gesture and deed he declared his good will toward them; for he embraced them in his arms, he laid his hands upon them, and blessed them. Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe, that Almighty God doth likewise favourably receive this present Infant; that he embraces [him] with the arms of his mercy; that he will give unto [him] the blessing of eternal life, and make [him] partaker of his everlasting kingdom. Wherefore we being thus persuaded of the good will of our heavenly Father towards this Infant, declared by Jesus Christ, and nothing doubting but that he favourably alloweth this charitable work of ours in bringing this Infant to Baptism; let us faithfully and devoutly give thanks unto him and say,

ALMIGHTY and Everlasting God, heavenly Father, we give thee humble thanks, for that thou hast vouchsafed to call us to the knowledge of thy grace and faith in thee: Increase this knowledge, and confirm this faith in us evermore. Mercifully look upon this child, and grant unto us who bring [him] now to thee, that we may have wisdom and power to rightly instruct [him] in thy holy Word, so that [he] may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

DEARLY beloved, ye have brought this Child here to be baptized, and prayed our heavenly Father to receive [him], to keep [him] pure from sin, to sanctify [him] daily by his Spirit, to give [him] the kingdom of heaven, and everlasting life. Ye have heard also that Jesus Christ hath promised in his Gospel that all these things shall be, that ye have prayed for. I beseech you therefore that you will faithfully lead [him] to put away hereafter all evil, to renounce the vain pomp

and glory of the world, and all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh; so that [he] may not follow nor be led by them. And I beseech you to teach [him] obediently to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of [his] life.

O MERCIFUL God, grant that from day to day all evil things may be buried in this child, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in [him]. *Amen.*

Grant that [he] may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against evil, the world, and the flesh. *Amen.*

Grant that being received into the ark of Christ's Church, [he] may daily increase in thy manifold gifts of grace, and being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally [he] may come to the land of everlasting life, there to live with thee, world without end, with Jesus Christ our Lord.

Name this Child.

N. or *M.* I baptize thee in the name of God the Father, and of Jesus Christ.

WE receive this Child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign [him] with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter [he] shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the flesh; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto [his] life's end. Amen.

Let us pray.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

ALMIGHTY and immortal God, the aid of all that need, the helper of all that flee to thee for succour, the life of them that believe, and the resurrection from the dead. Receive our prayers, as thou hast promised by thy well-beloved Son, saying, Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. So give now unto us that ask; let us that seek find; open the gate unto us that knock; that we may increase in thy knowledge, and be confirmed in thy faith evermore, that we, with this Child, may enjoy the everlasting benediction of thy heavenly washing; and being buried with Christ in his death, may also be partakers of his resurrection, and finally come to the eternal kingdom which thou hast promised by Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE blessing of God Almighty be amongst you, and remain with you always. *Amen.*

THE ORDER OF THE

MARRIAGE SERVICE.

DEARLY beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation to celebrate the union of this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony; which is an honourable estate, instituted of God, adorned and made solemn by the words of Christ, and commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men: and therefore is not by any to be enterprised, nor taken in hand, lightly, or unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God.

Then the Minister shall speak to the persons who are to be married.

I REQUIRE and charge you both, as ye will answer before God, to whom the secrets of all hearts are disclosed, that if either of you

know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in Matrimony, ye do now confess it.

Declaration to be made by the Man and the Woman alike when the service is read in presence of the Registrar.

I DO solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I (*M.*) may not be joined in Matrimony to (*N.*)

If no impediment be alleged, then shall the Minister say to the Man,

WILT thou have this Woman to thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health: and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The Man shall answer,

I will.

Then the Minister shall say to the Woman,

WILT thou have this Man to thy wedded husband, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love him, comfort him, honour and keep him, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

The Woman shall answer,

I will.

Then shall the Minister say,

Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?

Then the Minister, receiving the Woman at her father's or friend's hands, shall cause the Man with his right hand to take the Woman by her right hand, and to say after him as followeth.

I call upon these persons here present to witness that I *M.* do take thee *N.* to be my lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth.

Then shall the Woman, keeping the man's right hand in hers, say after the Minister the same words,

I call upon these persons here present to witness that I *N.* do take thee *M.* to be my lawful wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I plight thee my troth.

Then shall they loose their hands, and the Man shall give to the Woman a ring, putting it on the fourth finger of the left hand.

And the Man holding the ring there, shall say after the Minister,

WITH this ring I thee wed, a token and pledge given and received that we will surely perform the vow and covenant betwixt us made, so long as we both shall live.

Then shall the Minister say, holding their hands together,

Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

And shall then speak to the people.

FORASMUCH as *M.* and *N.* have consented together in wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by joining of hands, I pronounce that they be Man and Wife together, in the name of the Father—God Almighty.

Then shall be said or sung the cxxviii. *Psalm, or such Anthem or Psalm or Hymn as may be chosen by the persons concerned.*

BLESSED are all they that fear the Lord : and walk in his ways.

For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands : O well is thee, and happy shalt thou be.

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine : upon the walls of thine house ;

Thy children like the olive branches : round about thy table.

Lo, thus shall the man be blessed : that feareth the Lord.

The Lord from out of Sion shall so bless thee : that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity all thy life long ;

Yea, that thou shalt see thy children's children : and peace upon Israel.

And afterwards the Minister shall say,

Let us pray.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

O MERCIFUL God and heavenly Father, who art the guide and support of all who put their trust in thee, we beseech thee to pour thy blessing upon these thy children, that they may together please thee both in body and soul, abiding in thy love, and in perfect peace and love together

unto their lives' end; comforters, helpers, inspirers, one of another, through the labours of this world, and so living with all whom thou shalt give them, that thy kingdom may be enlarged among men, until they come to abide with thee for ever. *Amen.*

THE Almighty God, our loving Father, bless, preserve and keep you. The Lord mercifully with his favour look upon you, and so fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that ye may so live together in this world that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. *Amen.*

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS

CHRISTIAN HYMNS

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY

THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

"Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord."
—EPH. v. 19.

London
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I

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

All praise to thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints his name adore
With praise and joy for evermore.

Bishop Ken.

2

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

Soon may I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and hoped below,
And all my powers find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

We need not bid for cloistered cell
Our neighbours or our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But we rest on the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

From him, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply :
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Then, as an eagle cleaves the air,
We'll mount with joy the heavenly height !
And perfect in his love possess
Life in the fulness of his Light.

Almighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

Isaac Watts.

5

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.

Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays ;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the mist uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light :
Life is dark without thee ;
Death with thee is bright.

Light of Light ! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way ;
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. Walsham How.

6

THOU, whose glory fills the skies,
Thou, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring, from on high be near :
Day-star, in my heart appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad mine eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day !

Chas. Wesley.

7

LORD, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs :
And still where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh ;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

The poor with heavenly bread were fed,
The homeless found in thee abode,
The mourners have been comforted ;
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more ;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth agree :—
Here may thy perfect Will be done,
Till there we find our rest in thee !

James Montgomery.

8

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May thine Angel-guard defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

R. Heber.

When we in the morn awaken,
Guide us Thy way.
Keep our love and truth unshaken
In work and play ;
In our daily task be near us,
In temptation keep and hear us,
And with holy counsel cheer us,
The livelong day.

S. Brooke.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

Archbishop Whately.

9

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, forgive Thy son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints his name adore
With praise and joy for evermore.

Bishop Ken.

10

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring Gould.

II

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark ;
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in peace, if we have thee.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

12

THE twilight falls, the night is near ;
We put our work away,
And kneel to him who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The common story ; yet we kneel
To tell it at thy call,
And cares grow lighter when we feel
Our Father knows them all.

Yes, all ! the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The mountain track, the valley bright,
The daily thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all : we bend our head,
Our wearied eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
The way our Father knows.

And he has loved us ! all our heart
With answering love is stirred ;
And poverty and toil and smart,
Find healing in that word.

Homeward we go to love and rest,
When nightly shadows fall ;
And sleep confiding on his breast,
Who knows and pities all.

From the "Shadow of the Rock."

13

SLOWLY by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness ; O how still
Is the working of thy will.

Mighty Maker, here am I ;
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me Heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth !
So within my soul's dim skies,
Let mighty truths, like stars, arise.

Truths that in their motion make
Music that my soul doth take;
Till my life attunèd be
To the unbroken harmony.

W. H. Furness.

14

GREAT God, whose nature cannot sleep,
Upon my temples sentry keep!
Guard me against those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close;

O let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make me to sleep a holy trance,

So that I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.

Sleep is a death; O, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die:
And then as gently lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed.

Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

Thos. Browne

15

NOW the eyes of Day are furled,
And the earth has gone to rest,
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon thy breast.

All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright;
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of thine everlasting light.

If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise;
And thy presence in the air
Make my heart a Paradise.

But if trouble in my heart,
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
Then to me thy peace impart;
Give me thy belovèd sleep.

So when morning with his wing
Wakens me to work and play,
I may rise with joy and sing
'God has turned my night to day.'

Stopford A. Brooke.

16

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest;
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that his Will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

Trans. from Latin, E. Caswall.

17

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee;
I pray thee now that peaceful
The hours of dark may be:
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be thou my soul's preserver,
For thou alone dost know
How many are the trials
Through which I have to go:
O loving Father, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

St. Anatolius, trans. J. M. Neale.

18

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes of earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Grant us, O Lord, fresh light from heaven,
More trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord,—thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Vouchsafe us now repose.

Adelaide Proctor.

19

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.

When youth's brightness disappears,
Heal our sorrows, calm our fears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

Great Life-giver, be thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, when we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

Till rejoicing more and more,
We behold, our troubles o'er,
Breaking on the heavenly shore,
Light at morning-time.

R. Hayes Robinson.

20

REST over every peak
Is deep;
And not a breath doth break
The pine-tops' sleep
From crest to crest.
The little birds are hushed in the glen;
Wait awhile! Then,
Thou too shalt rest.

Trans. from Goethe, Stopford Brooke.

21

UP to the throne of God is borne
Our voice of praise this sacred morn,
And he accepts our parting hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide :
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night ;
The respite of the sabbath hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallowed spot ;
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

High in the heaven the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

William Wordsworth.

22

BEHOLD we come, dear Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy throne;
We come to offer on our knee
Our vows to thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou hast no more:
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great Lord adore.

But, above all, prepare thine heart
On this, his own blest day,
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray.

John Austin.

23

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
  High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
  Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
  Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
  When rolling years have ceased to move.

Isaac Watts.

24

A HOLY air is breathing round,—
  A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
  Be every spirit love.

O God! unite us heart to heart,
  In sympathy divine;
That we be never drawn apart,
  To love not thee or thine;

But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
  And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
  And nearer to the Lord.

So may thy kingdom come with grace
  In every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
  In all our bosoms reign!

Weber

The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect life of holiness,
The omnipotence of Love.

Abiel Abbot Livermore.

25

WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God:
In heaven are kept their grateful vows:
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal God to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
Which filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust ;
  But here their children pray,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
  To find the narrow way.

And now on us, while here we stand,
  Thy blessing still let fall ;
And still reveal thy pure command,
  O Heart that lovest all !

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

26

THIS is the day of light :
  Let there be light to-day ;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
  And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :
  Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
  Shed thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :
  Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
  The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :
  Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,
  Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

John Ellerton.

27

WHERE'ER, O Lord, thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind!
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

William Cowper.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near.

My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

There even the sparrow, freed from wrong,
Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest.

Happy who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

For one day in thy courts to be
Is better and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best.

For God the Lord, both Sun and Shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
Nor good from them shall be withheld,
Whose ways are just and right.

Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

Psalm lxxxiv.—John Milton.

PLEASANT are thy courts above
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe :
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy Saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High ;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast ;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! Their praises flow
In this vale of sin and woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place ;

Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte.

30

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on furthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime!
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

Sam. Longfellow.

31

O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or framed the day and night,
Thou wert the everlasting God
In loneliness of light.

For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like to yesterday,
That as a night-watch or a dream
Has swiftly fled away.

So teach us, Lord, to number well,
The days that now have died,
That all the evening of our life
To wisdom be applied.

Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

Psalm xc.—Tate and Brady.

32

FATHER of all, whose sovereign voice
Called forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:—

Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed ;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread,—
Earth, air and sea before thy sight
And Death's deep gloom are open laid !

Wisdom, and might, and love are thine :
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thy works and thoughts divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Our Father reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

John Wesley.

33

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly :
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed.
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Reginald Heber.

I SING the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
How should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

Isaac Watts.

35

TO God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong
That all the universe may hear
And join the grateful song.

Praise him, thou sun, who dwells unseen
Amidst transcendent light,
Where thy refulgent orb would seem
A spot as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
The universal song
Through the serene and silent night
To listening worlds prolong.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
On rapid wings his praise
From north to south, from east to west,
Through heaven and earth and seas.

Exert your voice, ye furious fires
That rend the watery cloud,
And thunder in this nether world
Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown
Beneath the rolling main ;
Ye birds, that sing among the groves
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads
And towering pierce the sky ;
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace
Majestic roll on high.

—Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great or small,
Adore the Wisdom, praise the Power,
That made and governs all.

P. Skelton.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Psalm xix.—Joseph Addison.

37

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou Sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circle of our years—
Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the Sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise!

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver Moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon,—
Arise, and to that Sovereign Power,
Waxing and waning, honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling Stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone—
Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispersed through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for His feet.

Isaac Watts.

38

I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say,
" Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky,
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
" Our days of light are numbered."

O God ! O Good beyond compare ;
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee !

Reginald Heber.

39

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, Angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord! For he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his Name.

John Kempthorne.

40

PRAISE the Lord of Heaven, praise him in the height,
Praise him, all ye angels, praise him, stars and light;
Praise him, skies and waters which above the skies,
When his word commanded, 'stablished did arise.

Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all trees;
Praise him, clouds and vapours, snow and hail and fire,
Stormy wind fulfilling only his desire.

Praise him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,
Praise him, men and maidens, all created things;
For the Name of God is excellent alone;
On the earth his footstool, over heaven his throne.

T. B. Browne.

41

LET the whole Creation cry
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth, awake and sing—
'God is good and therefore King.'

Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Chant his honour, ocean fair!
Earth, soft rushing through the air;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

All the elemental powers,
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Mountains, valleys, clap your hands!
Rivers, praise him in all lands.

Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at Heaven's gate.

Beasts, that dwell in field and wood,
Fish, that cleave the wandering flood,
Insects, and all creeping things,
Praise the mighty King of kings.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Add their voices to the song.

Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw;
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, "The Lord is good and great."

Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.

From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

Stopford A. Brooke.

42

O SING the glories of our Lord!
His grace and truth resound,
And his stupendous acts record,
Whose mercies have no bound!

He made the all-informing light
And hosts of angels fair;
'Tis he with shadows clothes the night;
He clouds or clears the air.

Those restless skies with stars enchased
He on firm hinges set;
The wave-embracèd earth he placed—
His hanging cabinet.

We in his summer-sunshine stand,
And by his favour grow;
We gather what his bounteous hand
Is pleasèd to bestow.

When he contracts his brow, we mourn
And all our strength is vain;
To former dust in earth we turn,
Till he inspire again.

T. Pestel.

43

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why, the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints his name adore
With praise and joy for evermore.

Psalm c. Old version.

ALL lands and peoples, all the earth,
Put off the night of sadness;
Make cheer and music and high mirth,
And praise the Lord with gladness!
Serve him with joyful heart,
All kingdoms do their part,
And let immortal song
Before his Presence throng
For ever and for ever!

O surely he is God alone,
The earth is mute before him;
And he is ours, and we his own,
His people who adore him.
We are his flock, our feet
Walk in his pastures sweet;
And, by cool brooks, the sleep
Is soft he gives his sheep
For ever and for ever!

O enter then his temple courts
With trumpet-tongued thanksgiving;
Praise him in dances and in sports,
Our Lord, the ever-living!
With incense to the skies
Our thankfulness arise;
His glory wide proclaim,
Speak good of his great name
For ever and for ever!

For gracious is the Lord our God,
He hears our dull complaining;
His mercy has a sure abode,
And everlasting reigning;

And times and times roll by,
And nations fade and die,
But God's majestic Truth
Leads on an eager youth
For ever and for ever!

Psalm c. Stopford A. Brooke.

45

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite!
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While Angels delight to hymn thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant.

46

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain air,
And silent thoughts my only prayer.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves
When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Ev'n more than music, breathes of thee.

I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch thy rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when,
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

Thos. Moore.

47

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

To thee, from whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all.

C. Wordsworth.

48

NOW thank we all our Gòd,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given ;
We lift our hearts to him
Who reigns in highest heaven :
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart, trans. Caroline Winkworth.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

50

THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err ;
Before him righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger.

Mercy and Truth that long were missed
Now joyfully are met ;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

Truth from the earth like to a flower
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.

O happy Earth, where good is set
To bid all sorrow cease—
City of God, whose coronet
Is everlasting Peace.

Both they who sing and they who dance
With sacred songs are there ;
In thee fresh brooks and soft streams glance,
And all thy fountains clear.

John Milton.

51

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh ;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky ;

The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky:
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O note the varying signs
Of earth and air and sky:
The Lord of loving comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

He comes the wide world's King,
He comes the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes to gild with light
The weary, waiting eye.
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh,

Thomas Lynch.

52

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In wicked bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

53

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its jarring sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise of war and strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. Hamilton Sears.

WAKE and awake, hear what the Shepherds tell
Of joyful tidings which this night befell;
Dwelling in field they watched their fleecy sheep,
When all the dreaming world was fast asleep;
And still and cloudy was the sky, so still,
They heard their cattle crop the darksome hill.

Sad was their heart! And poor, forgotten they!
"And no man thinketh on us"—thus they say—
When lo, the Heavens oped, and in the gate
A mighty Angel stood, with joy elate;
Around him shone the glory of the Lord;
Deep dread the Shepherds had with one accord.

"Fear not," the rainbow Creature sang in view;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you,
Which shall rejoice all folk upon the earth!
This day, in David's city, comes to birth
For you, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord:
And lo, a sign I give you of my word—

"Wrapped in his swaddling clothes, and there reclined
Within a manger, ye the Babe shall find!"—
He spake, and suddenly a seraph throng
Flew round about him, singing this fair song—
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men be given;
Glory to God, in highest heights of Heaven!"

Then did these poor and foolish pastors run
To find the Mother and her little Son:
Sweet was the scene, and Love was all its power,
And happy were the shepherds in that hour!
Dear Love was born, and now their common days
With light were always lovely and with lays.

So sang Christ's people in the days of old,
Poor shepherds in the night, with scanty fold,
Feeding their little flock on heathen hills,
Watching and lonely, girt with many ills;
But always hearing the angelic cry—
"Love, joy, and peace are man's and cannot die.

Blest then the poor, the sick, the lost, the slave,
All whom the world forgot, nor cared to save;
Restless and sinful, sad and broken came,
And found forgiveness, peace, and loss of shame,
They heard the voice of Jesus, true and mild,—
"Wouldst thou be perfect—be a little child."

Ring then the Christmas bells with clash and clang!
Ring forth the glad news that the Angels sang;
Over the graves, the pain, the grief of men
Ring forth the story of Christ's birth again!
And may dear Love, the Child in poor array,
Be born in us this happy Christmas Day.

Stopford A. Brooke.

55

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The wise men mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him, like them of yore;
Alas, he seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing—
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

J. R. Lowell.

56

A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore!
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth
Uprose the Light of man.

For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
Christ shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of strife,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

Thomas Lynch.

57

THROUGH the starry midnight dim
O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
Sweetly rang the angel hymn.
Hallelujah.

And the shepherds who their sheep
Kept among the meadows steep,
Feared, but soon had joy as deep.
Hallelujah.

"Fear not," cried the angel bright,
"There is born to you this night,
A Saviour, Jesus, Lord of Light."
Hallelujah.

"He is Christ the Lord; Arise,
Seek him where he lowly lies,
In a manger, hid from eyes."
Hallelujah.

Joyful was the shepherd clan
When the wondrous Gospel ran,
"Peace on earth, good-will in Man."
Hallelujah.

And all Heaven at the word,
Sang aloud—"O be adored,
In the highest, God the Lord."
Hallelujah.

Stopford A. Brooke.

58

STILL the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world! yet the light
Shines where Mary watches there,
Her child Jesus loved and fair.
Sleeping in heavenly rest;
Sleeping in heavenly rest.

Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first told aright
How the Angel of the star
Sang so clear from near and far—
Jesus, a Saviour, is born;
Jesus, a Saviour, is born.

Still the night, holy the night!
Little child, O how bright
Love is smiling from thy face!
Now strikes sweet the hour of grace;
Jesus, our Master, is here;
Jesus, our Master, is here.

S. A. Brooke, from the German.

59

AS Joseph was out walking
He heard an angel sing:—
"This night shall be born
Our Heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As were babies all.

"He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor red,
But with fair spring water
With which we were christenèd."

Then Mary took her young Son
And set him on her knee :
" I pray thee now, dear Child,
Tell how this world shall be."

" O I shall be as dead, mother,
As the stones in the wall ;
O the stones in the street, mother,
Shall mourn for me all.

" Upon Easter-day, mother,
My uprising shall be ;
O the sun and the moon, mother,
Shall both rise with me."

Old Carol.

60

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Jesus, the Son of Man !
Hail ! In the time appointed,
His love and life began !
He came to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To call us from transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him on the mountains
Doth peace, the herald, go ;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

His love shall, like the ocean,
Encompass all the earth,
Till peace and high devotion
Bring holiness to birth,
And soothe the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
And come with succour speedy
To those that suffer wrong.

The mountain dew shall nourish
This seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.
Till over every nation
The healing branches bend,
And Man, the new Creation,
In Christ to God ascend.

O'er every foe victorious,
He in our hearts shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
The changeless name of Love.

James Montgomery.

61

THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find;—

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin:
Hail, Truth divine! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in!

Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire!
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die:
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day:
Convince, subdue, enthrall;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.

62

O THOU great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

We look to thee ; thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes ! thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way
The holiest know ;—Light, Life, and Way of heaven !
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the Light, Life, Way which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

63

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly pass away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
Or stormy passions' rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were led
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine;

We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask his grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

Reginald Heber.

64

THE Son of Man goes forth to war,
A crown of Love to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—
He follows in his train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong—
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel—
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Father's Throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber.

65

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Christ's redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Thou, who art truth and love,
Life Giver, from above
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Almighty God, whom we
Praise in thy unity,
Wisdom, love, might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the earth far and wide
Let there be light!

J. Marriott.

66

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Fill with thy glory, Lord, Eternity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art Holy: there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Reginald Heber.

67

WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within his heart of love
All the soul of Man did move,
God had his abode.

Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.

In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Fill us with thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life :
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

And when in the fields and woods
We are filled with nature's moods,
May the grace be given
With thy faithful heart to say,
"All I see and feel to-day,
Is my Father's Heaven."

Stopford A. Brooke.

68

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay ;
O, in what divers pain they met !
O, with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near,
What if thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that thou art here.

Speak to our hearts, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

Give us thy peace, thy heavenly rest,
Bring back the wanderers to the fold;
Speak in the silence of our breast
The words that were so sweet of old.

Thou art our Brother—thou wert Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
Thy voice still comforts from above:
Teach to our hearts, this evening hour,
The healing of our Father's love.

Henry Twells.

69

O THOU to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well;

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee:
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. Pierpont.

70

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep
Watch did thine anxious servants keep
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,—
"Peace, be still."

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,—
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring.

THY way is in the deep, O Lord!
E'en there we'll go with thee:
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand be lost;
Drear moment of delay!
We cry, "Lord, keep the tempest-tost,"
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care,
But comes himself, where'er he hears
The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine!
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel,
And wipe our tears away:
'Tis thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless thy sway.

James Martineau.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold :
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine !
Are they not enough for thee ? "
But the Shepherd made answer : "This of mine
Has wandered away from me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew,
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost :
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track ? "
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn ? '
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice ! I have found my sheep ! "
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own ! "

E. C. Clephane.

LORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with thee ;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right ;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

Lord, it is good for us to be
With thee and with thy faithful three,—
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns ;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enrapt, alone with thee ;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine :
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with thee ;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,

We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
"This is my Son—O hear ye him!"

Arthur P. Stanley.

74

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of God to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

Jesus, thou know'st the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Chas. Wesley.

75

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
O King of love, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lordly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh,
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O Christ, thy power and reign!

H. H. Milman.

76

"DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!"
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way!

Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths, made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet!

Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

Jeremy Taylor.

77

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away!"

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth, for all her children, saith
"O God! take not this cup away!"

O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies
When faith, unarmed, lifts up the hand.

O King of earth! the cross ascend,
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

James Martineau.

78

WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades:
See the suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger love I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford.

79

SHALL we grow weary in our watch
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And his appointed way?

When harassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,
We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep,

O thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
When, slumbering at that fearful hour,
They all forgot thy pain,—

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
That we be faithful through the watch
Our souls shall keep with thee!

J. G. Whittier.

80

OH, who is this that on a tree
Of shame and pain and mockery,
Hangs by the hill of Calvary?
'Tis Jesus, Lord of Love.

Mercy could not from him depart;
His arms, outstretched in piteous art,
Dropt dew of love upon the heart
Of all the woeful world.

O deep the passion, great the woe,
He long endured to slay the foe;
And died for love that we might know
The life of Man is Love.

Then sank his head upon his breast,
Then was his heart, at last, at rest,
Faithful and undefiled and blest!
All is fulfilled, he said.

O Jesu, crucified that we
Might win Life's holiest mystery,
Lead us through love and death to see
Our Father as He is.

Stopford A. Brooke.

81

"IT is finished"— all the pain,
All the sorrow, all the stain;
Death has freed the Lord of life
From the burden of his strife.

"It is finished"—all the days.
Led through many loving ways:
Now at last his eyelids close
On the hatred of his foes.

"It is finished"—all the toil
Sin and pain could not despoil;
Never could his spirit fleet,
Till the Gospel was complete.

"It is finished"—all the Word
Poor and sinners gladly heard:
Saving others, all he gave,
For himself he would not save.

"It is finished"—Hark! the cry,
Uttered in Death's agony,
Is the seal, below, above,
Of the Victory of Love.
Hallelujah.

Stopford A. Brooke.

82

RESTING from his work to-day
In the tomb our Brother lay:
Still he slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,

Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with thee, till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend :
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine,
In this rocky heart of mine ;
Where, in pure embalmèd cell,
None but thou mayst ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

T. Whytehead.

83

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day.
Alleluia !
Lately on the Cross undone,
Alleluia !
Now His victory is won.
Alleluia !

Hymns of joy then let us sing
Alleluia !
Unto God, our heavenly King !
Alleluia !

Death is slain since Christ is raised,
Alleluia!
God the Conqueror be praised.
Alleluia!

We shall follow where our Lord,
Alleluia!
To the Father's throne has soared;
Alleluia!
And above the heavens sing
Alleluia!
Alleluia to our King.
Alleluia!

Altered from Common Prayer-book.

84

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight;
Through the veils of time and space,
Pass'd into the holiest place:
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet,
With welcome shout, his coming feet;
Never shall we track him more
On Gennesareth's glist'ning shore,
Never in that look, or voice,
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which he has left,
On this earth, of him bereft:
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue,
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before,
In the Heaven of heavens, the same
As on earth he went and came;
In the many mansions there,
Peace for us he will prepare:
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley.

85

THOU, who in life below
Didst drain the cup of woe,
And glorify the cross of agony,—
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

Dear image of our life,
Look on us through the strife!
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Brother, Comforter, which leads to thee.

Sarah Miles.

86

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven:

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

Harriet Auber.

87

LORD of Love's immortal host,
Taught by thee, we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself's more strong ;
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay ;
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright :
Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

C. Wordsworth

88

COME, Almighty Spirit, come;
And from thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light Divine:
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine:

Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
Sweet refreshment here below:
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

O most Blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:
Where thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess thee evermore,
In thy gracious gifts descend :
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

Robert II. of France. *Trans. by Edward Caswall.*

89

COME, Holy One, in love ;
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray :
Divinely good thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart,
O come to-day !

Come, truest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power ;
Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour !

Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast ;
Wisdom and love and light,
Blessing and joy and might
Shall scatter all our night,
And make us blest.

Descend, thou mighty Love,
Descend from Heaven above,
Fill thou my soul;
Heal every bruisèd part,
Bind up this broken heart,
Thy glorious life impart,
And make me whole.

Robert II. of France. Trans. by Ray Palmer and H. Bonar

90

SOURCE of good, whose power controls
Every movement of our souls;
Wind that quickens where it blows;
Comforter of human woes;
Flame of pure and holy love;
Strength of all that live and move;
Come! thy gifts and fire impart;
Make me love thee from the heart!

As the stag, with longing, craves
For the stream's refreshing waves,
Heated in the burning chase—
So my soul desires thy grace,
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life oppressed,
Longs thy water brooks to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

Mighty Spirit, by whose aid
Man a living soul was made;
Everlasting God, whose fire
Kindles high and pure desire;

Grant me in my grief and loss
Patiently to bear the cross ;
And, when strife has ceased to be,
Find eternal peace in thee.

Johann Frank. Trans. by
Richard Massie.

91

SPIRIT of God ! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
Come, Holy Spirit, come !

Come, glorious Light ! to waiting minds,
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

Come, cleansing Fire ! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
That all our souls an offering be
To love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew ! on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

Come, Wind of God ! sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

Andrew Reed.

WHY now, in sad and wintry time,
The heavens all dark with doubt and crime,
Why do we lift our drooping head,
As though our evil hour were fled?
Are we less wise than leaves of Spring,
Or birds that cower with folded wing?
What see we in this lowering sky
To tempt our meditative eye?

We have a charm, a word of fire,
A pledge of love that cannot tire;—
By tempests, earthquakes, and by wars,
By rushing waves and falling stars,
By every sign the Lord foretold,
We see our world is waxing old;
And through the last and direst storm
Descry by faith our Master's form.

Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up and ply your heavenward feet:
Is not God's oath upon your head
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows blackest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?

John Keble.

93

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us, till we want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through ;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our Strength and Shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside :
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
We will ever give to thee.

From the Welsh of William Williams.

94

SPIRIT of grace, thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead !
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
The patient pilgrim still is led !
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to thee I come !

Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me ;
Refine my secret heart within,

The golden streams of love set free!
Live thou in me, O Life divine!
Until my deepest love be thine.

O Breath from far Eternity!
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert-sand;
And where thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Trans. by B. H. Kennedy.

95

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like thy grace.
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing Angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

96

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One faith and work, one hope and song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
And slow and vast thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

Thy watch-fires gleam from night to night
With never-fainting ray!
Thy towers uprise, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands!

Samuel Johnson.

97

GRACIOUS Father! hear our prayer,
Leave us not, lest we despair;
Let thine arm our safeguard be,
Hear the prayer we raise to thee:
God of power, and God of might,
Shield thy servants in the fight!

Soldiers of the Cross, we stand,
Armed for battle by thine hand;
Rock of strength, to thee we fly!
Hide us in adversity!
God of power, and God of might,
Shield thy servants in the fight!

Lasting are thy mercies, Lord,
Truth eternal is thy word ;
Justice is thy aweful throne,
Yet thou reign'st by love alone.
God of power, and God of might,
Shield thy servants in the fight !

Let the glorious Heavens sing,
Hallelujah to our King !
Earth and seas ! repeat the word ;
Men and angels ! praise the Lord.
O Defender of the right,
Shield thy servants in the fight.

Anon.

98

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows ;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet his mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore him ;
Ye behold him face to face ;
Saints triumphant, bow before him,
Gathered in from every race ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry F. Lyte.

99

GOD in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states ;
Among the gods on both his hands
He judges and debates.

How long shall men pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked by their might,
Who thence grow bold and strong ?

Regard the weak and fatherless ;
Despatch the poor man's cause ;
And raise the man in deep distress,
By just and equal laws.

Defend the oppressed and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him who help demands.

Rise, God, judge thou the earth in might ;
The enslavèd earth redress ;
For thou art just, and shalt by right
The people's cause possess.

Ps. lxxxii. *J. Milton.*

IN this world, the Isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting.

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity
Uniting.

In that whiter Island where
Things are ever more sincere ;
Candour here, and lustre there,
Delighting.

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell a horror call,
To create, or cause at all
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep ;
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you ;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

R. Herrick.

101

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfortèd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half slays me with untruth;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed;—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

R. Herrick.

102

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father,
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. Ingemann. Trans. by S. Baring Gould.

103

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While God declares his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord :

Fearless of pain and conquered death
To break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts.

104

LORD, when in silent hours I muse
Upon myself and thee,
I seem to hear the stream of life
That runs invisibly.

Then know I what I oft forget,
How fleeting are my days!
Remember me, my God, nor let
My end be my dispraise!

O think upon me for my good,
Though little good I do;
My hope and my forgiving friend
Thou hast been hitherto.

And I would live in such a course
That men to me may say—
"O whence hast thou thy joy and force?
What is thy secret stay?"

My joy, when truest joy I have,
It comes to me from heaven;
My strength, when I from weakness rise,
Is by thy Spirit given.

And while he shines as he has shone,
Whom thou hast made my stay,
Life can but gently float me on,
Nor hurry me away.

Thos. T. Lynch.

105

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through him alone, who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good thou hast for us designed;
Choose for us, God; thy wisdom is unerring;
And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. Henry Burleigh

106

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

In early days thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

My God, who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat ;
And when a stranger in the world
Didst guide my wandering feet.

Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death I'll sing thy praise,
When death shall be no more.

Michaël Bruce.

107

OUT of the deep, O Lord, out of the deep,
I cry to thee, my Saint !
O hear my voice, let not thy listening sleep,
Consider my complaint.

If Thou shouldst mark my guilt, who may abide
To stand thine eyes before ;
And O because thy mercy is so wide,
I fear thy judgment more.

Not proud my heart, but humble to thy hest ;
Contrite and stilled for thee ;
As a weaned child upon his mother's breast,
So lies my heart in me.

Yet I will look for thee ; my trust is born
Of that by which it dies ;—
Like the night-watcher who outlooks the morn,
With long-expectant eyes,

My heart implores the rising of thy dawn,
To break on me with grace—
And lo—out of the Deep thy will has drawn
My soul to see thy face.

O heart of man, plunged in the unsounded sea
Of misery and wrong,
Trust thou in God,—his mercy brings to thee,
After long sorrow, song.

Psalm cxxx. Stopford A. Brooke.

108

O GOD, what sacrifice can I
Bring to the glory of thy throne ?
Thine is the earth and boundless sky ;
What have I which is not thine own ?
Nought but my will, myself, my whole,
My body, spirit, and my soul !

These thou hast deigned to ask of me,
And yet they are thy gifts, and I
Am bound to render them to thee—
Therefore in power and love be nigh,
That I, with no reluctant brow,
May bring them to thy footstool now.

Put thou my body to thy school,
A living sacrifice to thee ;
All the five gates of feeling rule,
In self-control my freedom be,
Till every sense, and all desires
Be purged by thy refining fires.

Thine too, the images, the thought,
Building, unbuilding in my soul ;
The love that earth to heaven brought,
The hopes of youth, the dreams that stole
Through manhood's work, and seemed to bring
Out of the deep some treasured thing.

Fill me with righteousness and truth,
With joy and peace, and gentle mood,
Courage and hope's immortal youth,
Long-suffering and fortitude,
Meekness and temperance and awe,
And most, with loving of thy law.

And O, where I am most alone,
Deep in my inner nature, be !
Clothe with perfection like thine own
My spirit, let me put on thee !
Then lift me, Lord, to Heaven, and move
My life through worlds and worlds of love.

Stopford A. Brooke.

109

NEVER yet could careless sleep,
On Love's watchful eyelid creep ;
Never yet could gloomy night
Damp his eyes' immortal light :
Love is his own day, and sees
Whatsoe'er himself doth please.

Love his piercing look can dart
Through the shades of my dark heart,
And read plainer far than I
All the spots that there do lie.
Pardon then what thou dost see,
Mighty Love, in wretched me.

Let the sweet wrath of thy ray
Chide my sinful night to-day;
So shall I the sounder sleep,
'Cause my heart awake I keep;
Meekly waiting upon thee,
Whilst thou deign'st to watch for me.

T. Beaumont.

110

O LORD, in me there lieth nought
But to thy search revealèd lies;
For when I sit
Thou markest it;
No less thou notest when I rise.
The closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk;
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find thee there,
And everywhere;
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No, not one word I cast to talk,
But, yet unuttered, thou dost know.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me;
The sable veil
Shall vainly fall,
With day unmasked my night shall be:
For night is day and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to thee.

Sir Philip Sydney.

III

O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through thee.

O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn thou our darkness into light.

O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint;
Thy power to bless what Seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be thou our Conqueror over death.

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Father, sworn mankind to save,
Grant us thy power in earthly strife,
Pour thy deep peace upon our grave;
And still be ours when all forgiven,
We meet our Master, Christ, in heaven.

Edward Hayes Plumptre.

112

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot.
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.

For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

So now, my Father, lend release,
In thy deep will O give me peace,
And after sorrow rest :
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Open thine arms, Eternal Friend,
And take me to thy breast.

C. Wesley.

113

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms ;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly cares and trusting fall
On thine Almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's Will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace.

Joseph Anstice.

114

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love !
Who was, and is the same,
By earth and heaven confest ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

The God of Jesus praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

My God and Father praise,
Whose all-sufficient love
Shall guide me through my happy days,
To home above.
He calls a child his friend,
His power and love I know,
And he shall save me to the end
From sin and woe.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers.

115

FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of Light.
Alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!
William Walsham How.

116

OFT, as we run the weary way,
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind! We cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond our senses' ken;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and Man.

Who, from the battlements above,
Follow our course with eager love,
And cheer our contest on;
Who cry at every faithful blow,
Struck at the old usurping foe—
"Servant of God, well done."

And One, the conqueror of death,
Beginner, finisher of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
Awakes in us the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

With patience then we run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
In quiet hope and power;
Cast off the sins that check our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.

For Heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road:
And when the knell of death is rung,
Sweet Hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

Stopford A. Brooke.

117

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With the camp of God surrounded,
Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

Lo, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to 'suage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

John Newton.

Therefore, hear what God hath spoken: –
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
This abode I keep for you!
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

"There in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again;
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light!"

William Cowper.

118

WE'VE no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—"The Lord is there,"
It shines with everlasting light.

Zion! Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes,
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd flee to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

Thomas Kelly.

119

THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
  Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
  While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
  To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
  And fear to launch away.

O, could we but our doubts remove,
  These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
  With clear unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
  Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

120

FOR ever with the Lord !
  Amen ! so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
And all eternity.

Here in the body pent
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to Faith's transpiercing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see the martyr armies march,
I hear their trumpets sound.

Noonday and morn and even,
Along life's noisy mart,
These choral harmonies of Heaven
Are sweet within my heart.

Then, then I feel, that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

James Montgomery.

121

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

How long, my Strength, my Hope, shall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Angels and Saints, his name adore
With praise and joy for evermore.

Psalm xlii., Tate and Brady.

122

O GOD, thou art my God alone:
Early to thee my soul shall cry—
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ,
And to declare thy truth shall prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away,
The praise that to thy name belongs
With lifted hands I hourly pay.

Thy name, O God, before I sleep,
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought,
Thy presence in the midnight deep,
Sure comfort to my soul has brought.

And when I wake at morn, thy love
Is sweeter than the light to me!
O, whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to thee!

Therefore awake, my grateful voice!
O happy heart, awake and sing
Of God, who bids my heart rejoice
Beneath the shadow of his wing.

Psalm lxiii. enlarged from J. Montgomery.

123

THE morning walks upon the earth,
And man awakes to toil and mirth;
All living things and lands are gay—
Dear God, walk with me through the day.

Sweet is the breathing of the world ;
Lies it not in thy love enfurled ?
And blue and clear the immortal sky ;
'Tis thine, and thine its purity.

Now Noon sits throned, her golden urn
Pours forth the sunshine ! Laugh and burn
Cornland and meadow, lake and sea !
Lord of my life, pour love on me.

Rain in the afternoon ! Soft fall
The cooling drops ; the woodland hall
Smells sweet, and every lonely place ;—
Rain on me, Lord, thy freshening grace.

Slow comes the evening o'er the hill,
The labour of the world is still ;
Homeward I go, and muse of thee—
Father of Home, abide with me.

Now droops the dark, but worlds of light
Hidden by day, fulfil the night !
Infinite Stillness, silent sea
Of Truth and Power, flow over me.

O thou, whose love this night hast made
Outwearied earth and man to aid ;
Who givest labour, and then rest,—
Give me the peace that fills thy breast.

Stopford A. Brooke.

124

ALMIGHTY Father, at thy word
The howling wilds are still ;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains at thy call
Their sacred stores unlock ;
Loud in the desert sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the Spring ascends
Upon the morning gale ;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

The Kingdom of the Lord has come,
Appointed times disclose :
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new Creation glows :—

Renew'd, the Earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears ;
And in new Heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

Michael Bruce.

125

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

Did ever mourner plead with thee
And thou refuse the mourner's plea?
Doth not thy word of love remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

It were a grief I could not bear
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But O thou hear'st, though storms may roll,
The weakest whisper of the soul.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And all the wilderness is made
Streams and a garden by his aid.

William Cowper.

126

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
I am at peace if thou art mine.
From sin, and grief, and shame I fly,
To shelter in thy fortress high.

For thou, O God, my fulness art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in dark temptation's hour,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower!
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone!
And though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Chas. Wesley.

127

SHOW me more love, my dearest Lord,
O turn away thy clouded face,
Give me some secret look or word
That may betoken love and grace;
No day or time is black to me
But that wherein I see not thee.

Show me more love: a clouded face
Strikes deeper than an angry blow;
Love me and kill me by thy grace,
I shall not much bewail my woe.
Then hear my cry and help afford:
Show me more love, my dearest Lord!

Show me more love, my dearest Lord—
I cannot think, nor speak, nor pray;
Thy work stands still, my strength is stored

In thee alone. O come away,
Show me thy beauties, call them mine,
My heart and tongue will soon be thine.

Show me more love : or if my heart
Too common be for such a guest,
Let thy good Spirit, by its art,
Make entry and put out the rest.
Then hear my cry and help afford ;
Show me more love, my dearest Lord.

Anon.

128

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.

Lord, teach me to hold fast thy hand,
And when my griefs increase,
To see beyond this desert land
The hills of heavenly peace.

And oh, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise—

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

129

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on :
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman.

130

THY home is with the humble, Lord !
The simple are thy rest :
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;
Thou makest there thy nest.

Would that thou mightest stay with me,
Or else that I might die,
While heart and soul are still subdued
With thy sweet mastery.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest ?
Let no one have it then, but thee,
And let it be thy nest.

Frederick William Faber.

131

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands ;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
And shepherd all thy way.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Abide his will; and weary night
Shall end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His path, unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When God his people's cause defends,
What man shall stay his hand?

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to thee:
O lift thou up the trembling hands;
Confirm the feeble knee!
So shall our life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And all eternity proclaim
Thy love and guardian care.

John Wesley. Trans. from Gerhardt.

132

HAPPY soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

Father, seek thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

Let me know my Shepherd's voice ;
More and more in thee rejoice ;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live :—

Live, till all the love I know
I can find in thee below ;
Till I hear thy gracious voice,
" Come up higher, and rejoice."

Then from sin and death set free,
Shepherded, O Lord, by thee,
I shall join the flock above,
Where the fold is perfect Love.

Chas. Wesley.

133

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused,
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven,
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

R. Pope.

134

IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace;
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let passion cease;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and striving has been vain.

The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way,
Which leads through mists and rocks to thine abode;
Toiling for man, and thee, Almighty God.

Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With thee above;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke.

135

WHERE dost thou feed thy favoured sheep?
O my Belovèd, tell me where;
My soul within thy pastures keep,
And guard me with thy tender care.
Too prone, alas, to turn aside,
Too prone with alien flocks to stray;
Be thou my Shepherd, thou my Guide,
And lead me in thy heavenly way.

If thou wouldst know, thou favoured one,
Where soul-refreshing pastures be;
Feed on my words of truth alone,
And walk with those who walk with me.
I with the contrite spirit dwell;
The broken heart is mine abode;
Such spikenard yields a fragrant smell,
And such are all the saints of God.

R. Pope.

136

KING of mercy, king of love,
Whom I love, in whom I move,
Perfect what thou hast begun,
Let no night put out this sun.

Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for thee, to thee aspire,
Let my youth, my bloom of days,
Be my comfort, and thy praise.

That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find thy hand within,
Wiping out my shame and sin.

O, it is thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart;
And since thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to thee.

Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot;
Since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be thine.

Henry Vaughan.

137

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

138

ALL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind.
All before us is the day ;
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its angels bold,
Love, and flowers, and living tree,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care,
Purest Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful, and sound,
All the earth is sanctified,
And our Paradise is found.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

R. W. Emerson.

139

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us;

Let not love and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience:
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Nicholas Zinzendorf. *Trans. by Jane Borthwick.*

140

"CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy loving Master say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Stand, till evil days be done;
"Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, till sin be overthrown;
"Watch and pray."

Charlotte Elliott.

141

COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

'Tis love ! 'tis love, thou lovest me !
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art ;
To me, to all, thy mercies move ;
Thy nature and thy name is love.

Chas. Wesley.

142

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee,
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home, my safeguard and my tower.

O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake my glory, harp, and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round ;
Thy mercy highest heavens transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky
So let it be on earth displayed
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Psalm cviii., Tate and Brady.

143

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

144

I MOURN no more my vanish'd years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

No longer forward, nor behind,
I look in hope and fear :
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now, and here.

O God, thy blessings undeserv'd
Have mark'd my erring track,
And wheresoe'er my feet have swerv'd,
Thy chastening turn'd me back.

Now more and more thy Providence
Of love is understood,
That makes the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

Now death seems but a cover'd way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

And so the shadows fall apart,
The heavenly west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
Open to endless day.

J. G. Whittier.

145

O THOU that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be thou my prince, be thou my priest;
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be,
I care not, so I rise to thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in thee:
What I enjoy,—O make it mine
In making me—that have it—thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends ; when eyes grow strange ;
When plighted faith forgets its vows ;
When earth and all things in it change :—
O Lord ! thy mercies fail me never ;
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

John Quarles.

146

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah, take it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then only shall my heart be free,
When it hath found repose in thee !

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its hidden mazes there :
Make me thy loving child, that I
Eager may "Abba, Father," cry !

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,

"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!'
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To know thy truth, be all my choice.

Chas. Wesley.

147

THERE is a stream, which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream
Clear as the crystal stone.

The stream doth water Paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me revealed.

John Mason.

148

KING of glory, king of peace,
I will love thee;
And that love may never cease
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me,

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee ;
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee ;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.

Small it is, in this poor sort,
To enrol thee ;
E'en eternity is too short
To extol thee.

George Herbert.

149

FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade !
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade.
Appoint the remnant of my days,
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.

Lord God of Gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire ! Oh ! what shall we
Return to heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee ?
We have no offering to impart
But praises, and a wounded heart.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Whose secret none can pierce and live,
Whose glory none can apprehend,
Whose justice can alone forgive;
Whate'er of thine I cannot prove
Lord, teach me to admire and love.

John Quarles.

150

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

My knowledge of that life is small,
Though visions come to me;
But 'tis enough that thou know'st all,
And I shall be with thee.

Richard Baxter.

151

GOD eternal, changing never,
Of our hearts the strength and stay;
We will be thine own for ever,
Climb, though weak, the heavenly way:
Ever nearer,
To thy pure and perfect day.

May we not draw forth new treasure,
From thy wisdom's boundless store?
Tak'st thou not, blest spirit, pleasure,
On each age thy breath to pour?
Strong and holy,
Com'st thou not, as heretofore?

By each gift of our receiving
From thy witnesses divine;
By the radiance of achieving
Which on us from Christ doth shine,
Hear, O hear us!
God Almighty, help us on.

Make our own a nobler story,
Than was ever writ before;
Stay not then, show forth thy glory
In our aftercomers more.
Love eternal!
Fuller grace incessant pour.

John Hornblower Gill.

152

YES! thou art with me, and with thee
I cannot be alone,
For joy shall bear me company,
And peace shall be my own.

The solitude thou hoverest nigh
Is peopled all with bliss :
The sandy waste, when thou art by,
A verdant landscape is.

There is no night, where thou art seen :
No light can day afford
Without thy rays to gild the scene—
Without thy presence, Lord !

Be with me ever ! Ever bless
And ever guide—and be,
In life's decay and death's distress,
On earth, in heaven, with me.

John Bowring.

153

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet :
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright,—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Adelaide Proctor.

154

TO do thy holy will
To bear the cross ;
To trust thy mercy still
In pain or loss ;
Poor gifts are these to bring,
Dear Lord, to thee,
Who hast done everything
For all, and me.

For all thy glorious earth,
Thy stars and flowers,
For love and gentle mirth,
For happy hours,

For good by which we live,
For sweet sunshine,
What recompense can give
This heart of mine?

Thou, who enthroned above
Dost hear our call,
O can our faithful love
Pay thee for all?
Poor recompense to bring,
Dear Lord, to thee,
Who hast done everything
For man, and me.

George Cooper.

155

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can he, who smiles on all,
Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast ;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear ;

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away ?
Oh, no ! never can it be !
Never, never can it be !

He doth give his joy to all :
He becomes an infant small.
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by :
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh ! he gives to us his joy,
That our grief he may destroy :
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

William Blake.

156

OUT of the heaven the Lord looked forth
From his pavilion in the north
To hear the captives crying ;
To set the broken-hearted free,
To bid the bold oppressor flee,
And save the poor and dying.

Then came the lost, the enslavèd, home,
Like ships across the harbour foam,
To praise the Lord, their Saviour ;
And all the long-afflicted folk
From dark captivities awoke,
From tyrannous behaviour.

But me alone he now forgot,
Or seemed as he remembered not,
And left me quite despairing :
My days were shortened by his will
My strength made weak, my good turned ill,
Upon my weary faring.

But then I said—O God, my God,
In midst of this my earthly road
My life do not dissever ;
As for thy years, not mine they are,
They come from boundless ages far,
And rush along for ever.

Thou, Lord, when all things had their birth
Hast laid the steadfast roots of earth,
And spread the spacious heaven ;
They shall decay, but thou shalt last,
They, like a garment fretted fast,
To death are over-given.

And as a vesture, thou shalt change
Their forms, while thou, unchanging, range
Behind them, still unfailing :
So I, though broken now, shall be
Immortal, since at one with thee :
This, this alone availing.

Psalm cii—Stopford A. Brooke.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and humble heart,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me where thou art.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw thee, Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of thee, and of thy word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove me from thy breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my heart:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me where thou art.

William Cowper.

158

DO I not trust in thee, O Lord?
Do I not rest on thee alone?
What else can win the trembling chord
Of pain to breathe this sweeter tone?
Art thou not still, howe'er I roam,
My hope, my hiding-place, my home?

To thee my inmost spirit clings:
Like the poor dove that left the ark,
When I forsake thy sheltering wings
I meet a waste of waters dark:
Then back I fly, and grace implore
To wander from thee never more.

And now on thee I cast my soul:
In life or death, in ease or pain,
Thy presence can each fear control,
Thy grace can to the end sustain:
Those whom thou lovest, heavenly friend,
Thou lovest even to the end.

Charlotte Elliott.

159

SOFT are the dews of God that bless
The sleeping, moonlit world;
Silent the tide whose mighty stress
Around the earth is whirled.

Soundless the night inflames the pole,
The song of stars is mute;
Their music pierces to the soul
In silence absolute.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place;
No cry is heard as earth is rolled
Amid the vast of space.

So quietly thy spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep, unuttered voice;
To work in silence, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

Stopford A. Brooke.

160

YE whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Fram'd by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old.

Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye, who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His hosannas here below;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round his glory-throne,
Stars, his guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere his name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise as duly sung,
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here:
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth—,
Give us grace to listen well.

J. Keble.

161

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence came all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For the Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These who well the fight sustained,
Triumph with the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at his command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

H. T. Schenk.
Trans. by F. Elizabeth Cox.

162

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Let every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

Fastened within the vail,
Hope be our anchor strong;
His loving spirit the sweet wind
That wafts us smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to be;
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer thee.

Wait till the shadows flee,
Wait thy appointed hour,
Wait till the Shepherd of thy soul
Reveal his love with power.

Tarry his leisure then,
Although he seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with him
My grief will over-pay.

A. M. Toplady.

163

O GOD, whose love is near,
"Although it seem to stay,"
Be with us through our voyage here,
And smooth the ocean way.

A deep and dangerous sea,
On which we sail so fast;
And far away the haven lies,
Where we would be at last.

Through sad and weary days,
And watchful nights we stand,
Outlooking from the plunging prow,
To see the golden land.

Storms beat us back in vain,
In vain the surges drive;
Still onward through the sunless wastes
Our labouring vessels strive.

But when the winds are hushed,
And on the deep is rest,
And faith sees far the heavenly land,
Where God's beloved are blest,

Through soft and sunny seas
Thou waftest us along;
And o'er the deck, the birds of heaven
Enchant our days with song.

Bide, then, the tempest's shock;
Endure the longest night;
Wait on the Lord; from darkest gloom
Springs up his glorious light.

O God, thy love is near,
Although it seem to stay;
And heaven's harbourage with thee
All storms shall over-pay.

Stopford A. Brooke.

164

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest;
Within thy contemplation,
Are love and joy exprest.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, shortlived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

Dear fountain of refreshment
"For pilgrims coming home;
Sweet haven, whence the wanderer
Shall never care to roam."

"There after persecution,
And after sorrow's night,
Is rest at close of battle
And for the darkness, light."

"There strength is born of trouble,
And martyrdom hath peace,
And from our vain desires
God giveth us release."

And he whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
"For God shall make his children
In perfectness his own."

"Far, far, belovèd country,
With holiness bedecked;"
O sweet, and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect.

"Thy children quickly waken,
Thy glories soon array;
Soon come, immortal conquest,
Soon dawn, eternal day."

J. Neale and S. Brooke.
Trans. from St. Bernard.

165

TO the hills I lift mine eyelids
Where my help is throned on high;
Thence, my help, the Lord, is coming,
Builder of the earth and sky!

Never shall his foot be movèd,
Whom the Ever-waking keeps:
He, the Lord, who guards his people,
Never slumbers, never sleeps!

From my foes the Lord will shade me
On the robber-haunted way;
Nor shall wicked moonlight smite me,
Nor the raging sun by day.

O still more from sin within me
Save me, Lord, and guard my soul;
From the tyranny of passions
Loose me by thy wise control;

Set me free from fear and weakness,
From the love of ease and hoard:
From these inward thieves and villains
O deliver me, good Lord!

See, I call thee to my household,
Come, my Saviour, to my heart;
Aid me from thy holy mountain,
Choose for me the better part.

In my going, and my coming,
In my labour, at my store,
In my thinking, and my making,
Keep me thine for ever more!

Psalm cxxi. *Stopford A. Brooke.*

166

TO mercy, pity, peace and love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace and love
Is God our Father dear;
And mercy, pity, peace and love
Is man, his child and care.

For mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And love, the human form divine;
And peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine;
Love, mercy, pity, peace.

And all must love the human form,
In every race and zone ;
Where mercy, love, and pity dwell,
There God hath built his throne.

William Blake.

167

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways !
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above !
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall,
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease :
Take from our souls the strain and stress ;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm :
Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire :
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

168

O FOR a heart to praise my God
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that loves to run the road
Thou openest, Lord, for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
A fitting throne for thee,
Where Jesus' voice is heard to speak
Of all thy love to me.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of truth divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
An image, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Chas. Wesley.

GOD! be merciful to me;
For my spirit trusts in thee,
And to thee, her refuge, springs:
Let the shadow of thy wings
Round my trembling heart be cast,
Till this storm is overpast.

From the waterfloods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul
Take me, O my Father, take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake:
If thy truth from me depart,
That rebuke will break my heart.

Foes increase; they close me round;
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail;
Hope and strength and courage fail;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God, on high;
Wonders thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought:
Save me, Lord, in mercy save;
Lest I sink below the grave.

Hark! he hears me from on high.
"Child of sorrow—it is I!
Thou shalt strive and weep no more,
Come, inhabit my sweet shore,
Rest and live and love with me,
I am thine eternity."

James Montgomery.

OUT of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing!
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing:
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from thy book,
Or who can stand before thee?

Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living;
None guiltless in thy sight appear;
All who approach thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust thy mercy.

Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation;
On thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, thy salvation:
Shielded by thee I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, thy promise sure,
And I rely upon thee.

Like those who watch for midnight's hour,
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for thee, I trust thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in thee,
And he shall find thy mercy free,
And thy redemption plenteous.

Psalm cxxx. Trans. from Martin Luther.

171

I HAVE no comfort but thy love ;
Without it, life is death to me ;
Joyless through all its joys I move,
Hopeless through all its misery ;
Yet, trusting thee, I daily prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.

Thou art the rock on which I stand,
When round me rages life's rough sea,
Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand,
The haven where my soul would be :
Daily I feel, and nightly prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.

O lift me higher, nearer thee,
And as I rise more pure and meet,
O let my soul's humility
Make me lie lower at thy feet ;
Less trusting self the more I prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.

Grateful my songs arise to thee,
With morning's dawn and evening's fall ;
For thou hast ever been to me
My light, my life, mine all in all :
My day is night, if thou remove ;
My night is sunshine in thy love.

John Monsell.

172

BE thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call;
Let not my feeble footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

The world, the flesh, and evil dwell
Around the path I tread;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail;
That if temptation cross my way,
Yet it may not prevail.

Then in the last and loneliest hour
I shall have no alarms,
But underneath me feel in power
Thine everlasting arms.

Isaac Williams.

173

DARK is the sky that overhangs my soul,
The mists are thick that through the valley roll,
But as I tread I cheer my heart and say,
"When the day breaks, the shadows flee away."

I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
Burning and shining must it ever be,
And I must tend it till the night decay,—
Till the day break, and shadows flee away.

God maketh all things good unto his own,
For them in every darkness light is sown;
He will make good the gloom of this my day,—
Till that day break, and shadows flee away.

He will be near me in the solemn hour
When the last foe shall be a friend of power;
And he will hear me when in peace I pray—
Let the day break, the shadows flee away!

In him, my God, my glory, I will trust:
Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust!
Who shall come, will come, and will not delay,—
His day will break, these shadows flee away!

Samuel J. Stone.

174

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings;

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well!

C. F. Alexander.

175

FATHER, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
  All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing!

Wilt thou not regard my call?
  Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
  Lo! on thee I cast my care!
Reach me out thy gracious hand:
  While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold I live!

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art;
  Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity.

Chas. Wesley.

176

GO not far from me, my strength!
  Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,

But go not thou away ;
And let the storm that does thy work,
Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less,
Most dear thy comfort is, when most
I need thy tenderness.

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving kindness hath a charge
No man can take away :
Then let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring.

177

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

178

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where truth and liberty are found,
And love is our employ.
Hallelujah, etc.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict 's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah, etc.

We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With saints and angels there.
Hallelujah, etc.

How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah, etc.

Thomas Kelly.

179

WILT thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt thou not visit me ?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Has but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

Come! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain:
Come, like thy holy dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.

Yes! thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

180

MY God, why dost thou longer stay?
I thirst to know thee as thou art;
Weary and faint with long delay!
When wilt thou come within my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And satisfy my soul with thee?

Come, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

Come, O my comfort, O my way,
My strength and health, my shield and rest;
Still lead me lest I go astray,
And bear me on thy gentle breast;
And if I wander in the wild,
Seek and forgive thy sinful child.

In suffering, be thy love my peace,
In weakness, be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My Father, in that lonely hour,
In tenderness eternal rise,
And give my soul thy Paradise.

C. Wesley.

181

WHEN sorrow all our heart would ask,
We need not shun our daily task,
And hide ourselves for calm ;
The herbs we seek to heal our woe
Familiar by our pathway grow,
Our common air is balm.

Around each pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine ;
Our hearths are altars all ;
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like armèd angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appal.

Alms all around, and hymns within,
What evil eye can entrance win
Where guards like these abound ?
If chance some heedless heart should roam,
Sure, thought of these will lure it home,
Ere lost in folly's round.

O joys, that sweetest in decay,
Fall not, like withered leaves, away,
But with the silent breath

Of violets dropping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death!

J. Keble.

182

THE flash of youthful light is past and gone;
Not as of yore
Earth's joys abound; but I am left alone
Still more and more,
As one by one the little sparks go out
From this world's stubble, that lies round about.

One hope remains, and that, as others fade,
Grows brighter still
As shadows lengthen o'er this earthly glade,
And up the hill
We higher mount towards the final home,
To which in God's good time we hope to come.

And even here, where darkness gathers round,
All is not dark,
There is, midst all, one spot of holy ground
Which bears heaven's mark—
The place which God has chosen for his own,
That he may come and make his presence known.

To that I cling the more as eventide
Creeps on and on,
Scattering its sable shadows far and wide,
And, one by one,
Bidding the weary lay them down to rest
In trust and love upon their Father's breast.

John Sharp.

183

LORD, I have wrestled through the live long night ;
Do not depart,
Nor leave me thus in sad and weary plight,
Broken in heart ;
Where shall I turn, if thou shouldst go away,
And leave me here in this cold world to stay ?

I have no other help, no food, no light,
No hand to guide ;
The night is dark, my home is not in sight,
The path untried ;
I dare not venture in the mist alone,—
I cannot find my way, if thou be gone.

I cannot yet discern thee as thou art ;
More let me see ;
I cannot bear the thought that I may start
Away from thee :
I will not let thee go, except thou bless ;
Oh ! help me, Lord, in all my helplessness !

J. Sharp.

184

LOVE divine, in Christ revealing
Joy and peace to sin and woe,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies show :
Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Heal and bless our waiting heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing ;
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee ;
Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we lay our life before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Chas. Wesley.

185

JESUS, brother, friend,
Guide us to the end !
Where thou art, the weakest sadness
Wins the strength of love and gladness ;
Life is victory,
If 'tis lived in thee.

When our troubled ghost
Thinks of so much lost,
When our yesterdays are sorrow,
And our fear doth rule the morrow ;
Kneel with us and pray
Strength to live the day.

If inglorious ease
Or if wealth should please,
If the world and all its fleeting,
Should allure us, soft entreating,
Let thy holy cry
Bid us rather die!

When our life is gray
Cold, and dull our day;
When o'er dusty ways we're faring,
Hoping half, and half despairing,
Quicken us with good,
Joy and fortitude!

If our friends depart,
Or deceive our heart,
When our dreams have dreadful waking,
When our heart with grief is breaking,
Teach us thine own prayer
For the Father's care.

When with shame and sin
We are tossed within,
May we hear thy voice from Eden—
"Come to me, O heavy laden,
I will give you rest
On my Father's breast."

When sweet earth and skies
Fade before our eyes,
When through death we look to heaven,
And our sins are all forgiven,
From thy bright abode
Call us home to God!

When at length, alone,
Leaving all the known,
Through the vast, beyond us lying,
Of the Spirit, we are flying—
Meet us, Jesu, then
With thy love! Amen.

Stopford A. Brooke.

186

O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering "Thou art near."

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FATHER of all, how sweetly sounds
Thy name upon our ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
And drives away our fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Thou art the rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding place,
Our never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

O God, our Saviour, shepherd, friend,
Our comforter, our king,
Our Lord, our life, our way, our end,
Accept the praise we bring.

Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought;
But when we see thee as thou art
We'll praise thee as we ought.

Till then, we would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh our soul in death!

J. Newton.

188

LIKE a long-forgotten child,
I have wandered in the wild;
Lost myself in vain desires,
Torn with thorns and burned with fires.

Lonely with the self I hate,
By my will made desolate,
In the night of my self-scorn
I have ceased to pray for morn.

At the last I cry to thee,
Hast thou then no help for me?
I repent me; I am thine,
Can thy love not make thee mine?

It is not my weak desire
To escape thy cleansing fire;
If thou wilt, with searching pain
Lead me to thy truth again.

But when I have bent my soul
To thy true, thy wise control,
Give me rest in duty done,
And thy goodness be my sun.

Stopford A. Brooke.

189

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Sarah Adams.

THROUGH all the winding ways of life,
In shadow and sunshine,
Beyond all craving and all strife
O Lord, preserve us thine.

Thine on this earth, and thine above,
For ever, all thine own;
Thee, O my long-enduring Love,
We need, and thee alone.

By thee we love, and by thee live,
Our origin, our goal;
Thyself, thy full perfection give,
To keep and rule our soul.

Not only for ourselves we pray,
Our prayer were lifeless then;
We are unhappy on thy way
Without our brother-men.

Dear Father of the human heart,
The whole wide world atone;
What thou hast been to us impart
To all; make all thine own.

O hear! the enchanted voices sing
At dawning of the day;
To heaven and earth's remotest wing
Rings out the happy lay—

"God, our Redeemer, reigns alone,
The worst shall conquer wrong,
Till every mortal soul be one
With Love's victorious song."

Stopford A. Brooke.

MY God my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy Will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy Will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy Will be done."

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy Will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy Will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away,
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy Will be done."

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy Will be done."

Charlotte Elliott.

IN our dark and doubtful strife,
Through the careful days of life,
When we wander, wide and far,
Lord, be thou our stay and star.

In the darker wastes of thought,
In the net of passions caught,
When the sorrow of the heart
Deepens—do not thou depart!

Thou dost never leave us, though
In the unbelief of woe,
We have seemed to lose thy hand,
Stumbling through a lonely land.

Yet because we see thee not,
Vainly think we are forgot,
Let thy love, persistent still,
Seem to seek us on the hill.

Through the mist and blinding rack,
Bring us from our wandering back;
Over rocks, through haunted cleft,
Lead us to the fold we left.

There, where Love's sweet waters flow,
Through thy meadows soft and low,
Let thy joy in mercy spread
Trees of comfort o'er our head.

Stopford A. Brooke.

O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

H. S. Oswald, trans. by Frances E. Cox.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where evil wages still
Its most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life!
Sweet source of light divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
Our Father—thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

William Cowper.

O HOLY Father, friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene
By faith to cling to thee.

Blest with the fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers "Still cling to me."

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Blest is my lot whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Father, I cling to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

196

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to thy mercy fly:
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

John Austin.

197

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might ;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek,
Is thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

H. Bonar.

198

THOU sayst "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me :"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blesséd face one moment's space—
Then might we follow thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
The voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

Ah, sense-bound heart and blind,
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true,
Can we not follow thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, thyself restore;
Help us to follow thee!

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts,
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow thee.

F. T. Palgrave.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Oh happy harbour of the saints!
Oh sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the saints do sit
And evermore they sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Anon.

200

O THAT thou wouldst the heavens rend,
And comfort me with light;
In love and holiness descend,
And scatter all my night.

Consume my wrong, my death dispel,
Bid feebleness depart,
Be stronger than my selfish will,
And greater than my heart.

Then, when my sin has found defeat,
And thou hast all my soul,
Lead me to pastures soft, where sweet
The healing waters roll,

That I may rest awhile, before
I take my work again ;
And hear, from forth the eternal shore,
The requiem of pain.

Stopford A. Brooke.

201

STAND up and bless the Lord,
Let young and old rejoice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

J. Montgomery.

ALL-LOVING Father, unto whom
Is known my weakness, whom I trust;
Thou who rememb'rest, when I fail,
That I am kindred to the dust—
Give to my thought the torrent's speed,
The eagle's wing, the flash of light,
That it may fly, and reach thy love,
Beyond these realms of night.

Where shall I find thee? Shall my thought
For ever climb, for ever tire?
Where art thou? for I am outworn;
Hear me, my God, my deep Desire!
The weary torrent gains the sea,
The eagle drops into her nest,
The lightnings sleep at last; O Lord,
Let me, too, find my rest.

My prayer hath pierced to God—his life,
His holy Power is all mine own;
Into the ocean of his love
The torrent of my thought has flown!
The eagle's wing had failed, but I
Have soared to my serene abode;
Behind me was the lightning left,
As I fled home to God.

Stopford A. Brooke.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest ;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home ;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come ;
With him I found a home, a rest divine ;
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

Yes, he is mine ! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour ;
"Go, worthless world," I cry, "with all that's thine !
Go : I my Father's am, and he is mine."

The good I have is from his stores supplied ;
The ill is only what he deems the best ;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without him, though of all possessed ;
Changes may come : I take, or I resign ;
Content while I am his, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen,
A glorious sun, that wanes not nor declines ;
Above the clouds and storm he walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines :
All may depart ; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Father's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before his feet I throw ;
Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine,
Who deigns to own me his, as he is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more;
And feel, and tell amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

Henry F. Lyte.

204

O SEND me not away! for I would drink,
E'en I, the weakest, at the fount of life;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
And give to me thy heavenly armour, Lord!

Anon.

205

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

Upon the willows long
My heart has silent hung,
How shall I sing a cheerful song
Till thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near;
On thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Henry F. Lyte.

206

OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

207

WILT thou return to me, O Lord,
If I return to thee?
O heavenly truth! O gracious word!
My hope and refuge be!

Since from thy side I dared to roam,
My soul has found no rest:
Chastised and contrite, back I come,
To seek it in thy breast.

And dost thou say thou wilt receive,
And call me still thy own?
My spirit, hear, accept, believe!
And melt, my heart of stone!

Again, that gracious word to me!
O speak that word again!
My guilt is pardoned?—can it be?—
And loosed my every chain?

No, blessed Lord! not every chain,
Not every bond, remove:
Let one, at least, unloosed remain,—
The bond of grateful love!

Henry F. Lyte.

208

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
With angels round the throne.

The God that rules on high,
And all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To bear us to the end.

Then we shall see his face,
Upon the heavenly shore;
And from the rivers of his grace,
Drink pleasures evermore.

Let songs of love abound,
And every tear be dry;
In pain and grief our strength is found,
In death, our victory.

Isaac Watts.

209

O HAPPY band of pilgrims!
If onward we will tread
With Jesus as our Brother,
To Jesus as our Head!

O happy if we labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if our loving
Be like his loving then !

The cross he daily carried
We carry in his love :
The crown of life he weareth,
We too shall wear above.

The faith by which we see him,
The hope in which we yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To hear his voice will turn.

The trials that beset us,
The sorrows we endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.

What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but his ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

J. M. Neale.

210

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication;
Lord God Almighty.

See round thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er thy Church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us thy peace, Lord.

Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

Latin Hymn, 8th Century. Trans. by Philip Pusey.

211

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!
And O! when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott.

212

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day:
Good Lord, remember me!

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me!

And O! when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
To thee commend my parting breath;
Good Lord, remember me!

Thos. Haweis.

213

LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

O Father! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, thou!

Like him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

Felicia Hemans.

214

LET all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in him,
  One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
  The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
  To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
  And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
  There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
  Waiting their call to rest.

O that we now might grasp our Guide!
  O that the word were given—
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
  And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley.

215

FOR the beauty of the earth,
  For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
  Over and around us lies,
    Lord of all, to thee we raise
    This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the wonder of each hour
  Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
  Sun and moon, and stars of light,
    Lord of all, to thee we raise
    This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

John Pierpont.

216

O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home :

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

Isaac Watts.

217

MET here in peace to think of him
Whose latest thoughts were ours;
No selfish love shall come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

"No, not for these alone I pray!"
Our dying Master said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.

No, not for these alone, he prayed;
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His meal of love to share;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer!

Emily Taylor.

218

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of sense set free,
Our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
In life, in joy, in peace they be;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And thank thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear the world to see
Where all are living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto thee!

John Ellerton.

219

O THOU that driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanish'd too,

Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray:
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We could not see by day.

Thos. Moore.

220

GONE are those great and good
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
  Guard well your trust,—
The truth that made them free,
Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
Their cherished purity,
  Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
  All Nature fills!
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O let thy light repose,
  On our free hills.

John Pierpont.

221

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
  A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
  Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
  That shuts the rose.

Ah! mourner, long of storms the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam;
Hope; thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
  A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

A bruisèd reed God will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

O traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

James Montgomery.

222

FATHER! our brother's course is run,
And we bring home thy weary son;
No more he toils, no more he weeps,
And shall we mourn because he sleeps?

O welcome in the morn the road,
That climbs to virtue's high abode;
But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome too.

Thou say'st to man, "Arise! and run
Thy glorious race with yonder sun!"
But, when thy children need repose,
Their Father's hands the curtains close.

What though, with eyes that yet can weep,
The sinner trembles into sleep!
Thou know'st he yet shall wake, and rise
To gaze on mercy's brightest skies.

The fearful child, though still caressed,
Will tremble on his mother's breast ;
But he, she knows, is safe from ill,
Though, watched by love, he tremble still.

Lord ! when our brother wakes, may they
Who watch beneath thy footstool say—
"Another wanderer is forgiven !
Another child is born in heaven."

Ebenezer Elliot.

223

GONE ?—Have ye all then gone,—
The good, the beautiful, the kind, the dear ?
Passed to your glorious rest so swiftly on,
And left me weeping here ?

I gaze on your bright track ;
I hear your lessening voices as ye go.
Have ye no sign, no solace, to fling back
To us who toil below ?

Oh ! from that land of love,
Look ye not sometimes on this world of woe ?
Think you not, dear ones, in bright bowers above,
Of those you've left below ?

May we not sweetly hope
That you around our path and bed may dwell,
And shall not all our blessings brighter drop
From hands we loved so well ?

Shall not your gentle voice
Break on temptation's dark and sullen mood,
Subdue our erring will, o'errule our choice,
And win from ill to good?

Lead our faint steps to God;
Be with us while the desert here we roam;
Teach us to tread the path which you have trod,
To find with you our home!

Henry F. Lyte.

224

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy Spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Henry Vaughan.

225

BROTHER, thou art gone before us; and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear releas'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode:
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust, the solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find !
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Henry Hart Milman.

226

WE cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with us no more ;
Along the path of life we tread ;
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond our vision dim ;
All souls are his, and here or there,
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within our hearts has place,
As when on earth they walked with us
And met us face to face.

Ours are they by an ownership
Nor time, nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

227

O TOILERS in life's vineyard,
Who sigh for perfect rest,
Whose dim eyes, peering upward
With weight of years oppressed,
Look for the blissful slumber
God gives to his beloved;
Wait till the day is over
And he the task has moved.

Here where the long, long morning
Melts into busy noon,
The hours are all unrestful,
But evening cometh soon:
Lo! on the lofty mountain
The first faint shadow lies,
And God will draw his curtains
Over the far-off skies.

Short slumbers has the pilgrim,
His ready staff in hand;
The soldier may but linger
Till foes are in the land;
The child must hasten homeward
O'er hill and field and dell;
And the golden gates are open
Where each in rest shall dwell.

O weary heart, take courage!
O feet, march on awhile!
O busy hands, still labour!
Tired eyes shall see him smile
Who has within his keeping,
Still waiting for your claim,
The perfect rest of heaven—
The gladness of his name.

Anon.

228

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore;

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore!

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore!

When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Grant us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life! be ours thy crown—
Life for evermore!

John Ellerton.

229

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

Thomas Campion.

230

THE billows swell, the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord ! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm :
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
Control the waves ; say " Peace, be still."

Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee :
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My haven through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

William Cowper.

231

WHY those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship!
Spread the sails and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on ;

Led to God by his direction,
We shall pass the watery waste ;
In his Father's wise protection,

We shall gain the port at last!
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

O what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar:
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore!

Thos. Kelly.

232

O THOU who didst prepare
The ocean's caverned cell,
And lead the gathering waters there
To meet and dwell:
Tossed in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to thee.

How terrible art thou,
In all thy wonders shown;
Though veiled is thine eternal brow,
Thy steps unknown!
Invisible to sight—
But oh! to faith how near—
Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
Thou shinest here.

Borne on the darkening wave
In measured sweep we go,
Nor dread the unfathomable grave
That yawns below,

For thou art nigh whose word
Abates the billow's crest,
Whom the world's sea of old has heard
And sank to rest.

Snatched from a darker deep
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home :
Home where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

C. E. Tonna.

233

OFT when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep ;
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

But lo ! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea ;
E'en now he passes by !
He silences our clamorous fear,
And soft his words —" Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."

Ah, Lord ! if it be thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save ;—

Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe and come to thee,
  Swift-walking on the wave.

He bids me come! his voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
  And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yields a solid ground,
  The wave is firm as rock!

Chas. Wesley.

234

STAR of peace to wanderers weary!
  Bright the beams that smile on me:
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
    Far, far at sea.

Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
  Bless the soul that sighs for thee:
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
    Far, far at sea.

Star of faith! when winds are mocking
  All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
    Far, far at sea.

Star divine! O safely guide him;
  Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
    Far, far at sea.

J. Cross.

ETERNAL Peace, whose word of old
In the great basins poured the main,
And shut within their rocky fold
The unnumbered flocks of ocean's plain.
O hear us! still the billows ròar
For those who sail from shore to shore.

Great God, whose path upon the deep
Is still unknown, but who didst keep
Thy ancient people, when the wind
And Egypt followed fast behind.
O hear us, when our prayer to thee
Is deep for those we love at sea.

O thou, who for the Psalmist made
The storm a calm, and brought him through
The reeling ocean unafraid,
Unto the hithe he longed to view.
To all who sail the waters rude,
Give equal trust and fortitude.

And Man, who tossed on rougher seas,
Through darker tempests, drives his way,
In life's deep-laden argosies,
To find at last thy radiant day—
Lord, strengthen him from age to age
With comfort on sea-pilgrimage.

Stopford A. Brooke.

"LAUNCH out a little" from this land
Of doubt and fear and dust,
Nor anchor on the barren sand
Thy undying spirit's trust.
This world is not thy rest or stay
Its rocks and shoals impede thy way.

Launch out still further from this land
To thy fond heart so dear—
Though smoothly shines the glittering strand,
Yet Jesus is not here.
Go seek him on the boundless deep,
Though waves be high and tempests sweep.

Not always rough the waters prove,
Not always rude the wind—
An ark of safety in his love
Thy trusting soul will find—
His breath will still the water's foam,
His word of love will light thee home.

Launch out, launch out then from the land
Into the deep bright sea—
And seek by faith that golden strand
Where Jesus waits for thee;
There cast thy anchor—furl thy sail—
Thy home is gained, within the veil.

Richard S. Brooke.

FATHER, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wise,
My compass is thy word,
My soul each storm defies
While I have thee, my Lord:
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye:
My anchor, hope—shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, my Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss!
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

By faith I see the land—
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
Fly to thy Father's breast,
To reach at last the heavenly shore,
Where wind and waves distress no more.

A. M. Toplady.

HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In all my griefs, Almighty Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold of thee.

When in the dreadful whirl I hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will,
The sea that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore:
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be!
And death, when death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Joseph Addison.

239

ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

Have we no praise? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

His mighty grace, out-poured on me
Brings life where death was wont to be,
And all the deserts where it glows,
Rejoice and blossom like the rose.

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It means thy praise, however poor;
An angel's song can do no more.

William Cowper.

240

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again,
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may !

It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through :
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper.

BREATHE from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth.

I wish, thou know'st, to be resigned,
I wait with patient hope:
But hope delayed fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirits up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That longs for love of thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet, since I feel it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

I pray, forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And every door seems shut but one,
And that thy Pity's door.

There, till thy dear deliverance come,
I wait with humble prayer;
And when thou call'st thy exile home,
Thy hand will find me there.

William Cowper.

ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before he filled the fountains,
That feed the running rills,
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I Am
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with him then;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine the sons of men.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race;
Thy gracious eye surveyed us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom thou hast made us
And liv'st for us in love.

W. Cowper.

243

BLESSED be thy name for ever
Thou of life the guard and giver ;
Thou canst keep thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

Thou who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity ;
God of life that sleepest never,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

James Hogg.

244

OFT as in a vernal woodland,
When the western spirits blow,
We may hear the flowers unfolding,
And the grass and forest grow ;
So when in my house I ponder,
And at eve the land is still,
Lord of all, I seem to listen
To the working of thy will.

Like a mighty river streaming,
Peaceful with the night and stars,
Underneath our stormy passions,
Under all our foolish wars,
Age by age it makes our tumult
Into harmony and strength;
Bearing all our death and failure
To creative life at length.

Lord, when sin and strife and trouble
Toss me like a breaking wave,
When the passions and their craving
Seek me for their restless slave,
When the folly or the sorrow
Or the pain of man is loud,
When the tyrants, wealth and pleasure,
Urge along the foolish crowd—

Then, Almighty Father, grant me
On that quiet stream to move,
Where thy Will, in vast procession,
Flows in all-creating Love!
Trouble then, and doubt and sorrow,
Fear for mankind cannot be,
Nor the noises of the nations
Touch me, sailing there with thee.

Stopford A. Brooke.

245

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Mrs. Barbauld.

246

GOD of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs enthrall my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate with joy unknown
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Philip Doddridge.

247

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade;
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

John Hawkesworth.

MY God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death, and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thy judgement slow,
Thy kindness more than we can know.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

Isaac Watts.

249

MY God, had I my breath from thee,
This power to speak and sing—
And shall my voice and shall my song
Praise any but their king?

My God, had I my soul from thee,
This power to act and choose—
And shall my brain and shall my will
Their best to thee refuse?

Alas! not this alone, or that,
Hast thou bestowed on me;
But all I have, and all I hope,
I have and hope from thee.

And more I have, and more I hope,
Than I can speak or think;
Thy blessings first refresh, then fill,
Then overflow the brink.

But though my voice and fancy be
Too low to reach thy praise,
Yet both shall strain thy glorious name
High as they can to raise.

John Austin.

250

GOD'S love unbounded overflows,
Both heaven and earth on us bestows:
What can his Fatherhood give more,
Or man implore?

Lord, to that sovereign bliss I tend,
Which, all-sufficient, has no end;
Perfection which belongs to none
But thee alone.

Meanwhile, I on my God rely
The wants, he wills me, to supply;
My just enough he only knows
For want or woes.

In God's Enough my soul shall rest
Though here I am but partly blest;
Saints of the cross have still alloy
To temper joy.

Enough we have for earthly need,
Heaven's joys our foretastes far exceed;
Enough, my God, is where thou art—
There lodge my heart.

Thomas Ken.

251

MY shepherd is the living Lord:
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
And there I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

Isaac Watts.

252

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are heavy, and our longing hearts
Search for thy coming! When the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers; through the gloom no star
Shines on our path, and we have wandered far;
Without thy lamp we know not where we are;
But evening brings us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snowdrifts thicken;
O thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken;
Waste is the night, thy saving footsteps quicken;
At evening bring us home.

Anon.

253

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting;
From the noisome pestilence,
Through the midnight city hasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
Though a thousand arrows fly;
He shall still thy soul deliver
From his rock of strength on high.

Though the winds and waves are swelling,
He shall bear thee safe through all;
God himself shall be thy dwelling,
Though the very heaven fall.

And when death thy soul deliver
From the peril of the world,
Thou shalt be on high for ever,
Safely in his feathers furled.

All the trouble and temptation,
Hushed upon the heavenly shore;
Satisfied with God's salvation,
Crowned with life for evermore.

J. Montgomery, and Stopford Brooke.

254

O GOD beyond that boundless sea,
Above the dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That thou, my God! art nigh.

Thou'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after thee in vain:
Thy herald is the stormy wind
Thy path the watery plain:
But thee in tempests who can find,
Or in the trackless main?

We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
  Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
  Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
  Who yet is everywhere?

O not in circling depth or height,
  But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
  There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence infinite!
  And make thy creature blest.

Josiah Conder.

255

MY God, if still the same thou art,
  If all thy promises be sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
  And make me rich, for I am poor.
I cannot see thee as I ought,
Yet thy desire has mastered thought.

Where is the blessedness bestowed
  On all who hunger after thee?
Fainting, I sigh for thy abode,
  Open its happy gates to me;
Lift up thy countenance and shine
  Into this darkened heart of mine.

O Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
  Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,

Mark what my labouring soul would say;
Answer the deep unuttered groan,
And show that thou and I are one.

Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom!
Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, thy Light has come,
Glory divine has risen on thee!
Thy warfare's past, thy mourning o'er,
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more.

Chas. Wesley.

256

MY trust is in the Lord,
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on his heavenly throne,
And he will shield and save his own.

The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in his holy shrine,
And I am strong while he is mine.

His flock to him is dear,
He watches them from high;
And pain and trials here
But form them for the sky;
Oh! safely will he tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest, of his sheep.

Our foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
The glorious hour is near
When all their hopes must fail;
While, like the stars, his saints shall rise,
And shine with him above the skies.

H. F. Lyte.

257

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life!

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad,
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Henry Kirke White and
Frances F. Maitland.

258

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings ring!
Forgiveness, peace, and love divine
The messengers do sing.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord proclaims his love
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every thankful nation sing
Glad hymns of praise to God.

Isaac Watts.

259

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Is deadly fierce and fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name ;
He, and no other one,
That prince has quite undone ;
He conquers in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore ;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit :
For why? His doom is writ ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all the craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course ;
Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

Martin Luther. Trans. by Thos. Carlyle.

260

LORD! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to hate their cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word;
Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of thy bright but distant heaven;
Then thy fostering grace afford,
Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we lie
All the restless night and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord;
Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

H. H. Milman.

261

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Father, from on high.
We know no help but thee!
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be!

H. H. Milman.

262

LONG years ago I came to thee;
How good, O Lord, thou wert to me!
But ah, how soon I went astray,
Still loving mine own will and way.

And now again, if not too late,
Thy promised help I supplicate;
Look on me, Lord, forgive, and plant
Thy peace within for which I pant.

All that I am, I now resign;
But most the will I claimed as mine;
Take it, and all, lest soon again
I stray, and in the wild remain.

Patient before thy door of grace,
I wait, if I may see thy face.—
Thou openest; O bliss divine!
I welcome find, and I am thine.

Arthur S. Brooke.

263

THOUGH we long in sin-wrought blindness,
From thy gracious paths have stray'd,
Cold to thee and all thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and thou hast found us.

Oft from thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat thine eyes;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves ourselves disguise:
'Neath the webs enwoven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin thy thunders roll;
Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul:
Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star,—and thou hast found us.

O most merciful, most holy,
Light thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever thine, thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray!
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:
We were lost,—but thou hast found us.

Francis T. Palgrave.

264

CHRIST in his heavenly garden walks all day,
And calls to souls upon the world's highway;
Wearied with trifles, maim'd and sick with sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

"How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go:
Here the white lilies shine like stars above:
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

"'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in my ways your feet will be:
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

"Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray:
Turn your steps hither: am not I the Way?
The sun is falling fast; the night is nigh:
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?"

Francis T. Palgrave.

265

THERE was a king of old
That did in Jewry dwell;
And greater love had none than he,
I'm sure I love him well.

Love him! Why, who doth not?
Did ever any wight
Not goodness, beauty, sweetness, love,
Not comfort, love, and light?

None ever did, or can :
But here's the cause alone
Why he of all few lovers finds—
Because he is not known.

There are so many fair,
He's lost among the throng ;
Yet they that seek him nowhere else
May find him in a song.

He never any failed
That sought him in their need ;
He never quenched the smoking flax,
Nor brake the bruisèd reed.

He was the truest Friend
That ever any tried,
For whom he loved he never left,
For them he lived and died.

And if you'd know the folk
That brought him to his end,
Read but his title, you shall find
Him styled the sinners' friend.

His life all wonder was,
But here's a wonder more,
That he who was all life and love
Should be beloved no more.

I'll love him while I live ;
And if I meet his foe,
I'll say with him, "O be forgiven,
You know not what you do."

Anon.

YES ! She is outcast from the world ;
The decent crowd of rich and good
With scorn or silence pass her by,
Or bid her search the streets for food :—
Yet when the jewels are made up,
She shall be ransom'd, yet ;
For she has loved him more than all,
And he will not forget.

'Tis not he does not prize the pure,
Or disesteems the holy heart,
Or judges each the same as all,
Or fails to take his liegemen's part :
But that he sees us as we are
With calm of perfect eyes ;
Reads sorrow hid in reckless mirth,
And smiles beneath our sighs.

The pitfalls set around the poor,
The impulse of the human blood,
The hunger-hounds that tear the flesh,
Unshared, unfelt, are known of God ;
How very shame disarms the girl ;
Hell hard by heaven in love,
The babe that those weak hands must rear
Are all confess'd above.

Ah, mysteries of death in life !
Ah, little arc of the great whole
That our dim eyes can measure here,
Harsh judgments of the happy soul !

The woman's heart in her yet lives,
And shall be ransom'd yet;
For she has loved him more than all,
And he will not forget.

Francis T. Palgrave.

267

COME, holy Spirit, source of power,
Thine aid we need from hour to hour;
Alone we fail in life's long fight,
But triumph with thine inward might.

Flame, as the dawn when on the hills
Its light is flashed from crystal rills;
And may our souls the glasses be
Of all the truth and light from thee.

Blow, as the wind that whirls from trees
In autumn woods their withered leaves;
And from our nature drive away
The clinging sins, that still delay.

Speak, as the voice the prophet felt
When on the lonely mount he dwelt;
And fill us with the awe profound
Thy gentle stillness spreads around.

Shine, as the lamp, whose guiding ray
Leads home the traveller far astray;
And through our doubts and fear's alarms
Guide us to rest within thine arms.

Come, bathe us in the fire of zeal,
That we may act, as well as feel,
And never seek to find our rest
Except in serving well the best.

And as upon time's flowing tide
From youth to age we quickly glide,
'Mid changing scenes be thou the friend
That never changes to the end.

Till life's day done, the battle fought
Has brought a bliss beyond our thought,
And spirits by the Spirit trained
In heaven rejoice, their peace attained.

Arthur S. Brooke.

268

O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might ;
Baptize me with the vital flame
Of purity and light.

Descend like heaven's self-kindled fire
And burn my sin to dust :
God of my righteousness, inspire
My soul with hope and trust.

Spring up within this barren heart,
Well-spring of life divine !
Love to my feeble will impart :
Light in my darkness shine.

O Light and Power! O Life and Love!
Of every good the source!
Blow, rushing Wind of God, above,
And speed me on my course.

Then heavenly Master, come within,
My every thought control,
Thy work fulfil, the harbour win,
Anchor, and keep my soul.

Josiah Conder.

269

VIEW me, Lord, a work of thine!
Shall I then lie drowned in night?
Might thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At thine altar, pure and white:
They that once thy mercies feel
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heavenly light appears;
But the covenants thou hast made,
Endless, know nor days nor years.

In thy word, Lord, is my trust,
To thy mercies fast I fly;
Though I am but clay and dust
Yet thy grace can lift me high!

Thos. Campion.

WHEN in my house I sit at peace,
I say unto my heart—
Except my home be built in God
Lost labour is my part.

Except he keep my ways, my thought,
And rule my joy and pain,
Except his truth and love be mine,
All watching is in vain.

Lost then my labour, when I rise
So early from my bed;
And lost my labour, when so late
I rest my weary head.

Lost all my toil, when cares, like corn,
I sow and tend and reap:
Yet thus he gives to all mankind
The well-belovèd sleep!

Build then, with us, our Home, O Lord!
Father and Mother thine,
And may thy gift, the children, be
In loving thee, divine.

Psalm cxxvii—Stopford A. Brooke.

271

LORD, from the breast of earth thy mercy soars
To pierce the highest Heaven, beyond the doors
Which close the inner Infinite, where zoned
With cloud on cloud, thy Faithfulness is throned.

Like the strong mountains stands thy righteousness,
Like the great deep thy judgments, which men bless!
Man thou dost save, the beasts are in thy care,
The earth is sheltered by thy tent of air.

Soft in the nest of life's immortal tree
Man lies within thy love, and trusts in thee;
Thy fulness fills his heart, and he drinks deep
Joys that like full-fed rivers onward sweep.

For fresh in thee the wells of life arise,
And, in thy light, our light the dark defies!
To those who know thy love, of love give more,
And more of goodness on the good outpour.

Psalm xxxvi.—Stopford A. Brooke.

272

O HEAR! God of my righteousness, hear me:
Hear when I call!
From mortal trouble thou hast set me free,
Thou wert my all!
But now again it surges like a sea;
Come to me, show thyself, I must have thee!

Weak though I am, I rise to meet the strife,
Faith my strong shield;
Only in love, o'ercoming pain, my life
Is now concealed;
The valley of the shadow of the night
Darkens around me; fire is all my light.

He comes, he comes, and with him mighty love
Fills heart and brain;
And in the strength of love I conquering move
Through grief and pain!
And saved, I now, with awe, confess my ill,
And commune with my spirit, and am still.

Men say to me—"Who showeth any good?"
My heart replies—
"Lord! in the bitterest woe and solitude,
Lift thou my eyes
To see the radiance of thy countenance shine,
And all the good of all the worlds is mine.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart, far more
Than they can find
Whose corn and wine and oil o'erflow their store
From every wind.
And now—thy deep salvation in my breast—
I lay me down in peace, and take my rest."

Psalm iv.—Stopford A. Brooke.

273

AS the weary-hearted pilgrim, on the ship that leaves the shore,
Hears the bells of his sea-city say "Farewell for evermore,"
So from many a pleasant city built within the summer-heart
We are forced by grief or duty in our winter to depart.

Nevermore to feel the passions that were once so young and true,
Nor to hear again the voices, sweet as light and soft as dew—
Then be with us, tender Father, silent Comforter and Friend,
In this secret, speechless journey, guide us to a peaceful end.

When sad Death, the lonely Sailor, calls us to embark with him,
When across the bulwark leaning all the lights of earth grow dim,
When we scarcely hear the weeping of the loved we leave behind,
When out of the silent ocean blows the unexperienced wind,

When the earth is still a trouble, and the heaven half a dream,
In this sailing through the shadow, ere the radiant glories gleam—
O be near us, loving Father, calm our ignorant alarms,
Underneath our sighing spirit be thy everlasting arms.

Stopford A. Brooke.

274

PSALM LXV. 5—14.

O GOD, the Saviour of the world,
Within thy righteousness is furled
Wonders to show to me;
Who art the hope, in bitter woes,
Of all the ends of earth, and those
Who sail the spacious sea.

Who, girdled with immortal power,
Hast, in thy long creative hour,
Set fast the mountain forts,
And stilled the raging of the deep,
The storms that o'er the nations sweep,
The wars of crowds and courts.

The signs that mark thy holy law
To utmost peoples bring thine awe!—
The outgoing of the morn,
The sun's majestical advance,
Evening's decline, the starry dance,
Thy praise and power adorn.

Thou visitest the earth to bless
Its hills and vales with plenteousness;
The waters that have birth
In heaven, thy joyous rivers are;
And fattening corn, spread fresh and far,
Their happy life on earth.

The dark-brown furrows drink thy rain;
Soft grows the heart of hill and plain,
Of every little glen;
Thy dewy mists distil their good,
Thy kindness crowns the year, and food
Drops from thy clouds on men.

Down falls the rain, the desert-well
Laughs to the brim, and they who dwell
In thirsty-lands rejoice:
On every side the woodland fills
With flowers, and the little hills,
Enraptured, hear thy voice.

The folds are warm with fleecy sheep,
And happy shepherds bid them sleep
Within their wattled ring ;
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That the pleased husbandman at morn
Thinks that they laugh and sing.

O blest are those who give thee praise,
Who see thee thus in Nature's ways,
And build their life on thine ;
Whose souls have every year their spring,
Whose summer-peace and autumns bring
Their harvest to thy shrine.

Stopford A. Brooke.

275

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy grace of light :
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
Thy presence shines on us more nigh.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in the heart,
Fresh force to take the loftier part ;
Thy slumber-balms our strength restore,
Throughout the day to serve thee more.

Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of Light ! thy grace alone
Can make the darken'd heart thine own :
Cleanse then our sin-dimm'd eyes, till they
Unclose on Heaven's eternal day !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis T. Palgrave.

276

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil ;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator, honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade;
The autumn droop to winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee!

Reginald Heber.

277

REJOICE! the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Children! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain:
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
And summer flowers are fair:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

His autumn crowns the year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn :
O happy children ! raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :
Lift up your heart, life up your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

John Taylor.

278

O ! SPRING-TIME now will soon be here—
The sweetest time of all the year :
When green leaves burst, and flowerets spring,
And youthful hearts are blossoming.

The storms and clouds shall pass from high ;
The sun walk lordly up the sky,
And look down love and joy again
On herb, and beasts, and living men.

O thou, that into glorious birth
Shalt make at last this travailing earth,
While humbler things thy influence share,
Be not the soul forgotten there !

Rise, Sun of Glory ! rise and shine
Within this wintry breast of mine :
And make my inward wastes and snows
Rejoice and blossom as the rose

Springtide of grace, thy course begin,
Chase the dark reign of sense and sin ;
From light to light advance and shine,
Till Heaven's eternal spring is mine.

Henry F. Lyte.

279

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view !
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How worthy, in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet, —
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !—
Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight ;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.

John Keble.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good.
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,

And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

Matthias Claudius. Trans. by J. M. Campbell.

281

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home!
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;

Give his Angels charge at last
In the fire our tares to cast,
But our fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

Henry Alford.

282

LORD, in thy Name thy servants plead,
And thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

The former and the latter rain
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by love,
The wondrous growth within,
The harvest thou wilt reap above,
When all are gathered in.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

John Keble.

283

COME deck our feast to-day
With flowers and wreaths of May:
The spirit of all grace
Makes earth his dwelling-place.
Come with white souls your Lord to meet,
And bring an offering pure and sweet.

And oh, thou trackless Wind,
Breathe quickening o'er our mind;
And, sunshine of pure Love,
Thy glow within us move;
Thy life our waiting souls inspire:
Touch heart and tongue with living fire!

O Father, stir our will
Thy justice to fulfil;
Our sad desires quell:
And in our hearts' deep cell
Set up thy temple's sacred dome
To be thy dwelling-place, thy home.

B. Schmolck.

284

LIGHT of our Lord, how sweet art thou
Seen in life's early morning sky,
Ere yet a cloud has dimmed the brow,
While yet we gaze with childish eye.

When father, mother, sister, friend,
Most dearly loved, and loving best,
First bid us from their arms ascend,
Pointing to thee in thy sure rest.

Too soon the glare of earthly day
Buries, to us, thy brightness keen,
And we are left to find our way
By faith and hope in thee unseen.

What matter, if the way-marks sure
On every side are round us set,
Soon overleaped, but not obscure—
Tis ours to mark them or forget;

What matter, if in calm old age
Our childhood's star again arise,
Crowning our lonely pilgrimage
With all that cheers a wanderer's eyes?

John Keble.

285

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge.

286

GLORY to thee, in light arrayed,
Who Light thy dwelling place has made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in his meridian height
Is very darkness in thy sight:
My soul, O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of thy great name.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

And lest temptation me surprise
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

The faster sleep the sense doth bind
The more unfettered is the mind ;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

Thou, my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed thy vigils keep,
Divine Love into me instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Thought to thought with my soul converse,
Celestial joys to me rehearse,
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Thomas Ken.

287

INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand ;
All nature rose t'obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

But ah, how wide my spirit flies
And wanders from her God !
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine ;
Melt down my will and let it glow,
And take thy mould divine.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove,
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions, Love.

Isaac Watts.

288

"COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But he has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

"Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But God has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
To come to God the Father,
And live in him with thee.

W. C. Dix.

289

O THOU, who didst deny to me
This world's adored felicity,
Keep still my weak eyes from the shine
Of those gay things which are not thine.

For thou in any land hast store
Of shades and coverts for thy poor;
Where from the busy dust and heat,
As well as storms, they may retreat;

And when thy goodness in the dress
Of anger, will not seem to bless,
Yet dost thou give them that rich rain,
Which as it drops clears all again.

O what kind visits daily pass
'Twixt thy great Self and such poor grass!
With what sweet looks doth thy love shine
On those low violets of thine!

Henry Vaughan.

O THAT my heart were right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love;
O that my Lord would dwell with me
And never from his seat remove;
No more my soul desires to roam
From thee, my heaven and my home.

Father, I dwell in awful night
Until thou in my heart appear,
Arise, propitious sun, and light
An everlasting morning there;
Thy presence makes the shadows fly,
And all is day when thou art nigh.

Ah, wavering prayer! the day grows dark;
In vain I sail from pole to pole,
Searching for thee! My plunging ark
Drifts devious, wanting thy control.
Why toss I thus from sea to sea?
Why, Lord, hast thou forsaken me?

Bring, bring, at last, the unfailing day,
Light that the storms afflict no more,
Immortal joy no doubts dismay,
The glory of the changeless shore,
Where Love is Life, and Life is Light,
And all the three are infinite.

A. M. Toplady and
S. A. Brooke.

O LORD! thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far:
Thou art eternal tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are:
Thy mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

By faith I plunge into the sea;
Its living waters cool my breast;
Hither when ill assails I flee,
And find, O Lord, my perfect rest:
Sad doubt is fled, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that dwelleth here.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies;
Thy patient mercy never dies.

Fixed in this faith may I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

Johann Andreas Rothe.
Trans., John Wesley.

292

GOD, my hidden life, appear,
Soul of my inmost soul!
Light of life, my sorrow cheer,
O make the sinner whole!
Now in me thyself display;
Surely thou in all things art;
Yet from all I turn away,
Lord, to seek thee in my heart!

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice!
Let my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found
Or where earthquakes rock the place:
Still and silent is the sound,
Soft the whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still;
Dare not in thy presence move:
To my waiting soul reveal
All the secret of thy love:

Charles Wesley.

293

OH, how safe, how happy he,
Lord of hosts, who dwells with thee
Sheltered 'neath almighty wings,
Guarded by the King of kings!

Thou my hope, my refuge art;
Touch with grace my careless heart,
Draw me home unto thy breast,
Give me there eternal rest!

Hark the voice of Love divine!
"Fear not, trembler, thou art mine!
Fear not, I am at thy side,
Strong to succour, sure to guide.

Call on me in want or woe,
I will keep thee here below;
And, thy day of conflict past,
Bear thee to myself at last!"

Henry Francis Lyte.

294

LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The church with psalms must shout
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

Amen.

George Herbert.

295

O THOU in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside me here:

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art, within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore!

And dearer than all things I know
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

296

FORSAKE me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me thy light, to be
My sure illumination!
My soul to folly turns
Seeking she knows not what,
Oh, lead her to thyself;
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of life and power!
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour:
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not thou far from me;
My God, forsake me not.

Forsake me not, my God!
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please thee in all well-doing.
And that thy will, O Lord,
May never be forgot,
In all my works and ways
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Thine let me be for ever:
Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavour:
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul:
My God, forsake me not!

Solomon Frank.

297

MY spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee :

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around :
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found :

No rest is to be found,
But in thy blessed love :
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above !

John Byrom.

298

IN thee I live and move and am ;
Thou deal'st me out my days ;
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be ;
'Tis better for me not to live
Than not to live to thee.

My God, thou art my glorious Sun,
By whose bright beams I shine :
As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.

Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,
Whose streams on me do flow ;
Myself I render unto thee,
To whom myself I owe.

As thou, Lord, an immortal soul
Hast breathèd into me,
So let my soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to thee.

John Mason.

299

ANOTHER year is swallowed by the sea
Of sunless waves!
Another year, thou past eternity!
Hath rolled o'er new-made graves.

They open yet, to bid the living weep
Where tears are vain;
While they, unswept into the ruthless deep
Storm-tried and sad, remain.

And we are spared in love to wear away
By noble deeds
Vile traces, left beneath the upbraiding spray
Of empty shells and weeds.

But there are things which time devoureth not—
Thoughts whose green youth
Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforgot,
And words whose fruit is truth.

Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,
Things of to-day?
Deeds, which are harvest for eternity,
Ye cannot pass away!

Ebenezer Elliott.

ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting :
We deck thine house, O Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting :
And as the year's last hours go by,
We lift to thee our earnest cry,
Once more thy love entreating.

Before thy mercy, Lord, we bow,
To thee our prayers addressing ;
Recounting all thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing :
Beseeching thee, this coming year,
To hold us in thy faith and fear,
And crown us with thy blessing.

And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us ;
Safe housed with thee in paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us :
And beg of thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of thy mercies ;
Thy wondrous goodness, love and power,
Our grateful song rehearses :
For thou hast been our Strength and Stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

In many an hour, when fear and dread,
  Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
  Thy Providence hath found us :
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
  Hath made all calm around us.

Then, O great God, in years to come,
  Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
  Be thou at hand to guide us :
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
  Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. Hamilton.

301

ACROSS the wintry hills and towards the sea,
  The Old Year, with his ghosts, has sought his grave ;
Alone he stands where past Eternity
Rolls on the beach its far unfathomed wave.

Silent, he passes down the silent shore,
Enters the darkness, crying "Nevermore"—
And we who loved him, weep, and weeping, say—
"Farewell, farewell"—and sighing turn away.

O God our Father, Lord and Guide of Time,
What have we done with this thy perished child ?
What written on his heart ? What sin or crime ?
What sacred thoughts, what actions undefiled ?

What has he taken in his laden breast?
What love forgotten, or neglected quest?
What hopes grown craven, or what conquered wrong?
What work accomplished, what victorious song?

Leave us not, Lord, alone upon this edge
Between the old and new—ere yet, in light,
The New Year, walking o'er the eastern ledge
Call joyously—"Awake, the path is bright!"

Be with us in this dull, regretful hour,
Bid us look onward, kindle us with power:
All that was ill, burn thou with cleansing fire,
All that is good, establish and inspire.

And thou whom years of suffering could not fret,
Child, Friend, and Brother, Lover of Mankind,
Speak to us now, undo our vain regret,
Call us from graves, our death in life unbind.

Cry, "Wake and sing, O thou that liest in sleep;
The morning dew is falling, and the deep
Full heaven is bright, and I will summon thee—
Linger no more; come forth, and follow me;"

"Take up thy cross, and lose thy life that thou
Mayst find the life of love; and let the dead
Bury their dead; lay hand upon the plough,
And look not backward;—God is overhead!"

Yes, Lord, we rise with thee from year to year;
Death begets life, and love hath cast out fear,
And all the hours of time, in passing by,
Strengthen in us the Christ that cannot die.

Stopford A. Brooke.

302

OH, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

For all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
God's light has broken calm and clear.

Henceforth my soul shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier.

303

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify thy Name."

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy Name.

If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy Name.

If thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadows come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;

Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify thy Name."

Laurence Tuttrell.

305

O LIVING will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

Alfred Tennyson.

306

HAPPY those early days when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy:
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love;
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;

When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of Eternity,
And feel through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of Everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track,
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
The shady city of Palm-trees.

Return I may not, so I scan
God more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy centre and mid-day!
For sure that is the narrow way.

Henry Vaughan.

307

GREAT God! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend,
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

Art thou my Father?—Canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek obedient child to thee:
And try in word and deed and thought
To serve and praise thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee

Art thou my Father?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

A. Gilbert.

308

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Suffer me to come to thee,
Pity my simplicity.

Thou wast once a little child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled;
I will ever follow thee,
Thou shalt my example be.

Fain would I be as thou art;
Know thy mild, obedient heart;
Love thy holy, faithful will,
Gentle, happy, wise and still.

Thou wert pitiful and kind,
I will have thy loving mind;
Meek and lowly may I be,
For thou wert humility.

Teach me always to fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek thine own,
Thou thyself didst never please,
God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am:
Live thyself within my heart,
Till I know thee as thou art.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Love thee all my happy days;
And the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Chas. Wesley.

309

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,—
Make me as a weanèd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
O my Father, Guard and Guide.

John Newton.

310

TO that green hill, the shepherd's haunt,
Why speed the children's feet ?
And who the Youth that sits alone,
The clamorous flock to greet ?

His hands are laid above their heads,
Their faces at his knee :
His looks are looks of love ; yet seem
Something beyond to see.

The simple townsmen cross the hill
And bid the throng away,
"Nor press around the stranger youth,
Nor by the fold delay."

As one who smiles and wakes, he lifts
A child upon his knee :
"God's kingdom is of such as these ;
So let them come to me."—

Ah, Lord and Christ! Thy perfect heart
No fond excess could touch!
Yet when that innocence we see
How can we love too much?

They twine around our heart of hearts;
Their spell we seek in vain;—
Go, ask the linnet why he sings,—
He can but sing again!

To winter life their bloom and breath
Renew a later spring,
O dewy roses of the dawn,
Fresh from God's gardening!

Earth's treasures waste with use; but Thine,
O Lord! by lessening grow;
From love's pure fount the more we take
The more the waters flow.

How should we prize the things unseen,
Not prizing what we see?
How turn away thy little ones
Without forbidding thee?

The Shepherd wills not we should stint,
Or count our kisses o'er;
Nor bids us love his lambs the less
But him, who loves them, more.

F. T. Palgrave.

IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers from a village brought
Their children to his knee.

He took them in his arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To me," he gently said.

"Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childish heart your hearts within,
Unto my Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart thine Heaven.

And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

O happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, his love·
His good in all mankind.

Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
Love giving, strong to heal.

So when, far fled from earth, I come
Before thee, happy and forgiven,
The heavenly host may cry with joy,
"A child is born in heaven."

Stopford A. Brooke.

312

SWEET baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby:
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
As loving as thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When Christ with us was dwelling here
In little babes he took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in his sight.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was he;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon his tender mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of love, when he was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such like swaddling clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed:
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not;
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

George Wither.

313

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet sleep, with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown!
Sweet sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet babe, in thy face,
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Jesus lay, and wept for me!

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When he was an infant small;
Thou his image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who was once an infant small;
Infant smiles like his own smile
Heaven and earth to peace beguile.

W. Blake.

314

NIGHT has come; O Father mild
In the darkness, deep and wild,
Thou wilt guard my little child.
Hallelujah.

I have prayed to thee, and thou
Layst thy hand upon his brow:
Nothing can affright him now:
Hallelujah.

All is still: the evening star
Rides upon its golden car;
In its light thy glories are.
Hallelujah.

And the moon whose gentle ray
Glimmers like a softer day,
Seems to whisper—"Watch and pray."
Hallelujah.

Softly nested like a dove,
He is happy in thy love:
Angels watch him from above.
Hallelujah.

Sleep, fall sweetly on his eyes.
All around him fades and dies.
But at morn he will arise:
Hallelujah.

Rise to sing his Father's love.
Rise to see the sun above,
Like a burning angel move.
Hallelujah.

O may he, like him, fulfil
All our loving Father's will.
Now, good-night—his heart is still.
Hallelujah.

Stopford A. Brooke.

315

"REMEMBER me," our Master said.
On that forsaken night,
When from his side his nearest fled
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track
The world remembers yet;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.

But who of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words he said?
And none can now his look retrace,
In breaking of the bread.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
But yet believe him still!
They know him, when his praise they mean,
And when they do his will.

We hear his truth along our way,
We see his light above,
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

316

O GOD, thy children gathered here
Thy blessing now await:
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
  Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
  He comes, to do thy will.

O Father, keep his soul alive
  To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
  Man's truest brotherhood!

Keep thou his spirit quick to love,
  To meet and quell the wrong;
And, in the ear of sin and self,
  May his rebuke be strong!

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
  If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
  Thine angels strengthen him!

And grant him many hearts to lead
  Into thy perfect rest:
Bless thou him, Father, bless his work;
  Bless, and he shall be blest.

Samuel Longfellow.

317

O THOU by whom the life on earth
  Is unforgot on high,
This morn with special blessing sweet
  O Son of Man, be nigh!

And as thy glory did not turn
From Cana's feast away,
Once more as man with men be here
And sanctify the day.

As Isaac in Rebekah found
The bliss for which he strove ;
As Sarah to her Lord gave back
The comfort of her love ;
As thine own heart goes eager forth
To meet thy cherish'd Bride,
So be the love between these two
Till death their days divide.

The joy of helpful toil be theirs,
The peace of hearth and home :
The single heart, the mutual years,
The children sweet to come :—
So through life's meadow guide them safe,
And gently down the slope ;
And bid their eyes the glory see
Of Heaven's immortal hope.

All flower and fruit of earthly joy,
All joy when earth is o'er,
Almighty Lord of death and life,
For these we now implore !
And as they join their faithful hands
In loving marriage sign,
Preserve them ever in thy love,
Here and hereafter thine !

Francis T. Palgrave.

318

SLOWLY, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink the setting sun.

So round my path, life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder
They dark and darker grow.

Yet still, amid the darkness,
I feel the light is near;
And, in the awful silence
God's voice I seem to hear.

Father! the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee:
Then, to thy waiting servant,
Alike they both shall be.

To thee I yield my spirit;
On thee I lay my load;
Fear ends with death; beyond it
I nothing see but God.

Samuel Greg.

319

LORD, to live life again
Is not our cry,
One tear to memory given,
Onward we hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, should we plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

Why should we, if we might,
Retrace our way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watch is fled,
Morning's all burning red,
Hope's smiles are round us shed!
Heavenward, away!

Where then are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight;
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me.
Fly, time, fly speedily!
Come, life and light!

Lady Nairn.

320

THEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow successive train:
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Dear thoughts that once our union made
Death does not disallow:
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now?

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helping of thy grace,
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below
Be boundless joy and peace ;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That never more shall cease.

O Lord of souls ! when ours shall part,
To try the farther birth,
Let faith go journeying with the heart
To those we loved on earth.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

321

ETERNAL Life, whose holiest Child to-day
Entered the rapture thou dost always know,
And, loving, left us the immortal May,
Conquest of death, and evil's overthrow.

Set our affections on the things above ;
Dead to our self, to weakness and to sin,
While on our toilsome journey to thy love
We pass, on pilgrimage, from inn to inn.

Our life is hidden, Lord, within thy life :
And when the mists are cold and loud the sea,
When the heart fails, and close and fierce the strife,
Pour into us our life that waits in thee.

So shall we, while we tread the painful earth,
Sing like the morning stars, and Easter be
Ours every day, and travail end in birth,
And all our dead go forth to Galilee.

And, at the last, when death unties our clay,
Claim as thine own the Life thou gav'st of old.
Waken, and lift it to the nightless day
Where Jesus meets us by the heavenly fold.

Stopford A. Brooke

322

BEHOLD the sun, that seemed but now
Enthronèd overhead,
Beginning to decline below
The globe whereon we tread;
And he, whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
And leave us to the night.

Thus Time, unheeded, steals away
The life which Nature gave;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave:
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh
Thus will they all depart.

Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain;
Let still thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain!
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine.

G. Wither.

WHEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold;
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget thee in my joy;
And from thee my sunshine borrow,
And by thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend,
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Edmund M. Geldart.

HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark:
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

F. W. Faber.

325

O LORD, who by thy Presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

As thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my guest;
As thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.

How sad and cold, if thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
But if thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
The calm of evening settles on my breast,
If thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din:
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

C. Spitta. Trans. by Richard Massie.

326

HEAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer,
In the evening stillness, we
Grateful raise our hearts to thee,
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

Gladly we thy Presence seek :
Father ! to our spirits speak :
Call us from the world away ;
Still our passions' reckless play :
On our inner darkness shine ;
Bend our wayward will to thine.

In this quiet eventide
May our souls with thee abide,
Own thy Presence, feel thy power,
Through this consecrated hour ;
And from peaceful vesper-prayer
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

Thomas Hincks.

327

SWEET evening hour, sweet evening hour !
That calms the air, and shuts the flower ;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

O season of soft sound and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !

Dear God, as earth recedes from sight,
Open the quiet of thy light,
And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Be with us in this evening time
When feelings flow and wishes climb ;
Thy care disperse our earthly care ;
Hear, and receive our parting prayer.

H. F. Lyte.

328

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down their burden and their care.

O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumults we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

329

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

Thanks we give and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruit of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay;
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day!

John Fawcett.

330

OUR Father, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O loving Father, be our Light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O loving Father, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O loving Father, be our Light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O loving Father, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call ;
O let thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our God, and thou our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O loving Father, be our Light.

F. W. Faber.

331

LORD of our love, to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night ;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

332

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil temptation's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Come in thy Love before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte.

333

LOVE of love ! as deep and free
As the all-absolving sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights ! with morning shine ;
Lift on us thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights ! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven ;
Shed a holy calm.

Life of life, our Father be ;
May we live and die to thee
Till with saints hereafter we
Bear the glorious palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

334

LOVING God, our Father,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King ;
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,—
All we yield to thee.

Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,—
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil, nor care, is known ;
Where the true and loving
Circle round thy throne.

Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,—
Love that never dies.

Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
Grant us, Great Forgiver,
Blessed rest at last.

Godfrey Thring.

335

ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from thee!
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O thou God of love!

If with honest heart, and love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O thou God of love!

On our way rejoicing, gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
God without, our safety! God within, our joy!
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O thou God of love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

336

COME, immortal Lord of gladness!
From the immeasurable height
Scatter all our sin and sadness,
Move upon our hearts in light!
All-pervading God, whose love
Joins us here with those above;
Make us now thy new creation,
Sanctify this congregation.

Come and bring with thee thy treasure!
Love and meekness, joy and peace,
Gentleness that knows no measure,
Truths that cumbered hearts release,
Purity, and faith in right,
Thirst of holiness, and light.
Hear our contrite supplication,
Arm for life this congregation.

Come, abide in us for ever ;
Build thy city in our heart
On thy righteousness, and never
From its citadel depart.
Fill us with thy holy awe,
Make us prophets of thy law ;
Worthy of our high vocation
In the world's great congregation.

In the stress of life's temptations
Be our comfort, strong to save ;
When we die, be thou our patience,
" When we're buried, be our grave ! "
Then, our resurrection be,
To thy perfect harmony :
There to fulfil all salvation
With the immortal congregation.

Stopford A. Brooke.

337

YE servants of the Lord
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch : 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honour crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

338

CALL them from the dead
For our eyes to see!
Prophet-bards, whose awful word
Shook the earth, "Thus saith the Lord,"
And made the idols flee—
A glorious company!

Call them from the dead
For our eyes to see!
Sons of wisdom, song and power,
Giving earth her richest dower,
And making nations free—
A glorious company!

Call them from the dead
For our eyes to see!
Forms of beauty, love and grace,
"Sunshine in a shady place,"
That made it life to be—
A glorious company!

Call them from the dead!
Vain the call will be;
But the hand of death shall lay,
Like that of Christ, its healing clay
On eyes which then shall see
That glorious company.

W. J. Fox.

339

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

"Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See! the battle flags are furled,
Pain and evil cease to move;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Love.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway,
Reign and love when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
Hallelujah, 'neath his rod
Death and sin and hell shall fall,
And redeemèd Man in God,
God in Man, be all in all.

James Montgomery.

340

I HEAR thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band:
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Is it far away in some region old
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
"Not there, not there, my child!"

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!

Felicia Hemans.

341

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

Hark, how they sweetly sing
Glory to their heavenly King :
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest, blest for aye,

Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die !
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We love for aye.

J. Young.

342

SWEET place, sweet place alone,
The court of God most high,
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty.
O world of grace,
Where I shall see
God's glorious face
In purity.

Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitched for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven 's still my song, my praise.
Wake then mine eyes,
Look on the skies,
Where love and light,
Make life delight.

No sun by day is there,
No moon by silent night:
The Lord God shineth fair,
And is the city's light.
Through golden streets,
Life's river fleets:
Under the throne,
Love streams alone.

The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest:
My home is there, my friends
Dwell in that quiet nest;
Where each pure soul,
In long white stole,
And palms in hand,
Do ravished stand.

No tears from weary eyes,
Drop in that holy quire:
But Death itself there dies,
In Love's supreme desire.
So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of God alone,
Who fills the throne.

There all temptations cease,
And frailties have an end,
And we shall rest in peace
With God our heavenly friend.
O happy place,
Where all have grace,
And garlands stored
For their reward.

Lord God, on thee I cry,
Outwearied with delay :
My palace is on high,
Disclose its heavenly day,
Where all men raise
Thy glorious praise,
And angels then
Loud sing, Amen.

S. Crossman.

343

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price.
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways,
With cheerful feet we go ;
When in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-wall'd afar ;
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gather'd are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. Palgrave.

344

ARM, soldiers of the Lord !
The fight is set with wrong ;
Take shield and breastplate, helm and sword,
And sing your battle song.

Strong whom the Lord approves ;
Whose love of Christ is sure,
Who in the faith of Jesus moves,
Of conquest is secure.

Stand fast for Love, your Lord!
Faith be your mighty shield,
And let the Spirit's burning sword
Flash foremost in the field.

Truth be your girdle strong;
And Hope your helmet shine
Whene'er the battle seem too long,
The weary days repine.

With news of Gospel Peace
Let your swift feet be shod;
Your breastplate be the Righteousness
That keeps the heart for God.

And for the weary day,
And for the slothful arm,
For wounds, defeat, distress, dismay,
Take Prayer, the heavenly charm.

"From strength to strength" your cry;
Your battle field the world!
Strike home, and press where Christ your Lord
His banner has unfurled.

Stopford A. Brooke.

345

GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world;
Now each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
Who joins the glorious host?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host!

He who, with calm undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host!

Follow your Lord, and take the cross,
Christ's cause despised love most,
Count nothing pain or shame or loss,
And join the martyr host!

Samuel Longfellow.

346

ONWARD! upward! Christian soldier,
Turn not back nor sheath thy sword;
Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
In the battle for the Lord!
From the great white throne eternal
God himself is looking down;
He it is who now commands thee,
"Take the cross and win the crown."

Onward! doing and enduring,
With the Lord who lived for thee;
Face the foe, and meet with courage
Danger, though with death it be;
From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down;
Thou canst almost hear them crying,
"On! let no one take thy crown."

Onward! till thy course be finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith through persecution,
Never give the battle o'er,

Onward ! upward ! till victorious
Thou shalt lay thine armour down,
And thy loving Father bid thee
At his hand receive thy crown.

347

WITHOUT haste and without rest
Bind the motto to our breast,
Bear it with us as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
Heed not pleasure, heed not pain,
Till the glorious goal we gain.

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed ;
Ponder well and know the right,
Love it then with all our might ;
Haste not—years can scarce atone
For one reckless action done !

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do God's will before we die ;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time :
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not—Calm in strife,—
Meekly bear the storms of life ;
Love be still our lord and guide,
Do the right whate'er betide ;
Haste not, rest not—conflicts past,
God shall crown our work at last !

Goethe, trans. (*Anon.*)

348

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy Word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood;
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with one accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery.

349

GOD is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
  His love thy joy increase ;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
  The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

350

COME, my way, my truth, my life :
  Such a way, as gives us breath :
Such a truth, as ends all strife :
Such a life, as killeth death.

Come, my light, my feast, my strength :
Such a light, as shows a feast :
Such a feast, as mends in length :
Such a strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my joy, my love, my heart :
Such a joy, as none can move :
Such a love, as none can part :
Such a heart, as joys in love.

George Herbert.

351

O LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
  Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream,
Nor leav'st us when we turn from thee.

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st:
Wide as our need, thy favours fall:
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, over all.

John G. Whittier.

352

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres:
Yet, in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

He bows the heavens: the mountains stand,
A highway for our God:
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice:
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth:
In every breeze his spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

James Montgomery.

353

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

Nor walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

Deal gently, Lord! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, our Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts.

354

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting thou!

Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest;
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see thee face to face.
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
And endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

355

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes,
A thousand-fold repaid!

Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

Henry Alford.

356

BEYOND the far horizon
Cloud-girt and dim it lies,
That fair and pure dominion
Of kind and sunny skies,
The city of the blessed,
The palace of the free,
Where they whom earth oppressèd,
Breathe life and liberty.

From low and sunless valleys :
From hillsides high and cold,
From crowded lanes and alleys,
In cities grey and old,
Of every race and nation,
We climb the heavenward road
Of pain and tribulation,
To seek our blest abode.

One hope is ours to borrow
From each and all, for aye ;
One kinship in our sorrow,
One prayer all lips may pray.
One bond that nought can sever,
Uniting all in one ;
One Heavenly Father ever,
And each the Father's son.

O Pilgrims faint and weary !
Lift high your voice and sing ;
And make the midnight dreary
With morning gladness ring.
For soon our journey endeth,
Sweet Heaven is in sight ;
Earth's path of sorrow wendeth
To infinite delight.

Beyond the far horizon
Cloud-girt and dim it lies,
That fair and pure dominion
Long hidden from our eyes.
Our Father, vision give us
Its outline fair to see,
Till thy dear arms receive us
Home, home to Heaven in thee.

L. Ormiston Chant.

"WHAT mean these sounds uprising
Of voices in the dawn,
Earth's silent glens surprising
With songs of joy and morn?"
"O, these are pilgrims singing
To cheer them on their way,
A burst of greeting flinging
Up to the coming day."

"What means this host advancing
Through shadows dark and cold,
Upon whose march are glancing
The eastern beams of gold?"
"These are the hosts victorious
In earth's tremendous fight,
And now to peace most glorious
They pass, and rest and light."

"Whence came they? from what nation?
And where their fatherland?
Who gave their high vocation?
Who leads this warrior-band?"
"These hostages of Heaven
O'er all the earth were spread;
By God their charge was given,
Christ Jesus is their head.

"And now they go to glory
From dark and hostile climes,
With many a piteous story
Of wounds, and bitter times;
Yet with one song repeated—
The worth of strife and pain,—

The foes of God defeated,
The Victor's crown their gain."

L. Ormiston Chant.

358

THOU, Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here, before thy face,—
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Again we lay our noblest powers
As offerings, on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished ours,
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed trusting to thy love.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth,—be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

359

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill:
"The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendour of day.

"Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.

"The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad."

Anon.

360

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall surprise,
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, keep watch; beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou art sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us."

That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;

Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at even-tide,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes! Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride!"

Gerard Moultrie.

361

CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing;
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. Hamilton Sears.

362

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

363

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
And disperse the clouds beneath.

The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring sunlight on our eyes!

Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart.

Come and manifest the blessing
Thou hast for thy ransom'd race:
So shall we, thy love possessing,
Sing the wonders of thy grace.

Charles Wesley.

364

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Hath he diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,—
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints and Martyrs, Prophets, Angels,
Answer, Yes!"

St. Stephen the Sabaite. Trans. by J. M. Neale.

365

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
The weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

Reginald Heber.

366

WE beside the wondrous river
In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following, as from Egypt ever,
Thy bright cloud, and outstretch'd hand:
In thy shadow
We shall rest on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold adorning

Many a tufted mountain side
Yearly feed us
Year by year our murmurings chide.

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,
From each cool dark cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to play their part;
Oft we hear them
In our dreams with thirsty heart.

Deeps of blessing are before us:
Only, while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,
Morn by morn obediently
Glean we manna,
And the song of Moses try.

John Keble.

367

NOW, on sea and land descending,
Bring the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
  Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and faith and love are glorious,
  Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

368

PART in peace! is day before us?
  Praise his name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
  Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
  Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
  Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! from sweet reposing,
  And with heavenly thoughts refreshed,
In the morn our eyes unclosing,
  May we bless the ever-blessed.

Part in peace! such are the praises
  God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
  Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Hallelujah!

Sarah F. Adams.

369

O HERE, if ever, God of love,
  Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
  And every thought be peace.

Not here, where met to think of him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

"Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor.

370

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day, the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

Grant to life's day a calm, unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

John Ellerton.
From the Latin.

371

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the joy of Jesus
Shining us before.

Christ, the faithful warrior,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle
See his banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the love of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Evil armies flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !
Lies, oppression tremble
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in faith and hoping,
One in charity.

Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have God's own promise,
And it cannot fail.

Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour
To our God of Love;
This through countless ages
We shall sing above.

Onward, &c.

Sabine Baring Gould.

372

FORWARD be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head,
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

Forward, when in childhood
Grows the infant mind ;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind ;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace ;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all our life-time,
Climb from height to height ;
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth ;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared ;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word ;

Forward, marching eastward
Where the Heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours ;
Naught that city needeth
Of our aisles of stone :
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none ;
Weak are earthly praises ;
Dull the songs of night ;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light.

Henry Alford.

373

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven ; O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

Ye Powers who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this—
An endless Alleluia.

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
An endless Alleluia :

While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

Almighty God, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore ; to thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

John Ellerton.

374

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible sharp sword,
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom which transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make them free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

WHEN the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage vest is wrought,
When Faith hath chased cold doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere—
Doff thy robes of sin and clay,
Christian, rise, and come away.

Sir Walter Scott.

NOTES

NOTE TO FIRST EDITION

Where hymns are claimed as copyright, all possible pains have been taken by the compiler of this book, to obtain permission to insert them, and his thanks are due to the Rev. John Ellerton, to the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould, to the Rev. H. Bonar, to R. Massie, to the executors of Rev. Father Caswall, to the Rev. J. H. Gill, and to many others for their kindness. The right of publishing "Now thank we all our God," from the *Lyra Germanica*, and some hymns of Miss A. Proctor, has been purchased from Messrs. Longman, and Bell and Daldy; and purchase has also been made of the hymn of Bishop C. Wordsworth, "O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea." Thanks are also to be given to the Rev. Godfrey Thring, for permission to use three hymns, two of which, "The radiant morn hath passed away," and "Jesu, Loving Saviour," have been, with his permission, but to his regret, slightly altered. Some alterations have been made in the old hymns long in the possession of the Christian Church, but there is no need to draw attention to these alterations. Those who know the originals will recognize the changes, and will be pleased or displeased with them. No copyright of any kind is claimed for any new hymns which may be in this collection.

NOTE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

I have left above the original statement made when the first edition of this hymn book was issued. Some hymns included in that edition have been now omitted, and a good many more have been inserted. The book is, I trust, a better book. Some

fresh acknowledgments are due. I omitted in the first edition to thank Mrs. Lynch, though I did write to her, for the use of her husband's hymns, an omission I now repair. I have also to thank Mr. Francis Palgrave, Dr. Martineau, and the Rev. John Sharp for their permission to use the hymns to which their names are attached. To Messrs. Macmillan also I offer my gratitude for allowing me to include in this book two stanzas from *In Memoriam*. If at any point I have unintentionally erred in the matter of copyright, I shall be ready at once to pay for my mistake. For my own part, that is, for the hymns under my name in this book, I claim no copyright of any kind. They are free, as I think all hymns ought to be, for the use of any one who may care for them.

HYMN 11. I see no reason for changing the word Saviour in this hymn into the word Father, as many have done. The term Saviour belongs to God our Father, and may be so sung by those who object to the words of the hymn when addressed, as Keble meant them to be, to Jesus.

HYMN 13. The last six lines I have inserted instead of three or four verses in the original.

HYMN 19. The last verse is added to the original.

HYMN 41. This hymn is imitated from, or perhaps I should say built upon, a well known hymn by James Montgomery; and two or three of the lines are his.

HYMN 50. The first verse of this hymn is the last verse of Milton's translation of the 85th Psalm. It has been constantly placed in this position. The second and third verses are his translation of the ninth and tenth verses of the same Psalm. I have had the boldness to insert the fourth verse of this hymn in order that I might introduce in the fifth verse Milton's delightful translation of the seventh verse of the 87th Psalm—"Both they who sing and they who dance," &c.

HYMN 59. I have not inserted this ancient carol which "dallies with the innocence" of religion, and the last two verses of which mingle so finely Earth and Heaven, Nature and Christ, with any hope or desire that it will be sung in church, but that it may sometimes be sung at home to the children.

HYMN 60 has been altered, but the original is so well known that the alterations need not be marked.

HYMN 64. The first two lines have been changed, and Hymn 65

has been altered from a hymn to the Trinity to a hymn on the Unity of God. The same has been done, without, I hope, any literary jar, to the 66th hymn.

Hymn 68. The fifth verse has been re-written.

Hymn 87. The first line is altered.

Hymn 97. The last verse is an addition.

Hymn 110. I am not sure that this translation of a Psalm is not by the Countess of Pembroke.

Hymn 120. Verses seven and eight are additions.

Hymn 125. The last two verses of this hymn read as follows in the original:—

> "That were a grief I could not bear
> Didst thou not hear and answer prayer,
> *But a prayer-hearing, answering God*
> *Supports me under every load.*
> Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
> Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
> *And he is safe and must succeed*
> *For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.*"

I have changed the lines here put in italics. They are not, I am convinced, written by Cowper, but by Newton. At any rate, they spoil the hymn, which is one of those in which Cowper's exquisite ear for melody is most remarkable.

Hymn 127. Those who wish to see the lines left out in this hymn—omissions necessary to enable it to be sung—will find them in the *Treasury of Sacred Song* (F. T. Palgrave).

Hymn 132. The last six lines are added to the original.

Hymn 138. I cannot find out whether this is really by Emerson.

Hymn 149. The last verse in the original runs thus:—

> "Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
> Into whose secrets none can dive,
> Whose mercy none can apprehend,
> Whose justice none can feel and live;
> What my dull heart cannot aspire
> To know, Lord, teach me to admire."

Hymn 155. This hymn, or rather poem, by Blake, is, with the others by him in this book, inserted as an experiment. Whether

they will sing well in church, or whether they are fit for singing at all, is worth trying.

HYMN 157. The fourth line has been altered.

HYMN 159. This hymn was suggested by a hymn beginning

> "Unheard the dews around me fall
> And heavenly influence shed,
> And silent on this earthly ball
> Celestial footsteps tread."

It will be found in Dr. Martineau's hymn-book.

HYMN 163. This hymn, as will be seen, was suggested by Toplady's hymn which precedes it.

HYMN 164. The lines I have inserted in this well-known hymn are marked by notes of quotation.

HYMN 168. I am glad, even at the risk of causing some pain—for which I am sorry—to those to whom a phrase like this which follows is dear—

> "A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
> So freely shed for me,"

to have retained by a few changes this beautiful hymn.

HYMN 169. The last verse is an addition.

HYMN 180. This hymn is made up out of verses taken from various hymns of C. Wesley. The same thing has been elsewhere done. There are many *single* verses of fine quality in C. Wesley's weaker hymns, and I have made the experiment of putting a few of them together into one or two hymns.

HYMN 187. This fine hymn is in the original, addressed to Jesus Christ.

HYMN 199. This is the oldest version of the hymn and the best. There are two verses omitted addressed to the mother of Jesus.

HYMN 217. This hymn has been compounded of two on the same subject by Miss Taylor.

HYMN 235. This hymn has been built on a remembrance of a well-known hymn beginning "Eternal Father, strong to save," which, addressed to the Trinity, and written, it would seem, for the Trinity House, I could not insert. I desire to make acknowledgment of this imitation, however far removed it be.

Hymn 237. This hymn is in the original addressed to Jesus.

Hymn 239. This hymn is made out of two hymns by Cowper, but no change has been made in the lines. The same may be said of Hymn 241.

Hymn 253. About three verses, on the whole, are James Montgomery's.

Hymn 265. I cannot recollect where I found this innocent hymn—half hymn, half carol. I do not suppose that it will be fit for singing in church, but it also is worth an experiment. The last two lines are changed from denunciation to forgiveness.

Hymn 286. This hymn is made up out of two hymns of Bishop Ken's. The lines have not been changed.

Hymn 289. Many verses are omitted.

Hymn 290. The first two verses are Toplady's.

Hymn 306. It was necessary to make some omissions in the first three verses of this, in order to fit it for singing. The last verse is borrowed from the poem in the *Silex Scintillans* which follows this poem, and it fits very well.

Hymn 312. This is another of those hymns which is inserted rather for home than for congregational singing.

Hymn 327. The poem in the original can scarcely be called a hymn. Verses have been omitted, and the last two changed.

Hymn 336. The hymn is freely translated from a hymn by Gerhardt. Toplady has also translated it. I have adopted his form, and I have borrowed one of his lines—"When we're buried, be our grave."

Hymn 342. I thought that this hymn would be more effective if the refrain were changed, and a new one put to each verse. Those beginning—

"Where each pure soul,"
"So in a ring,"
"O happy place,"

are taken from a poem of Herrick's. A few changes are made, and the last verse is an addition.

Hymn 374. These three verses are a part of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" made during the great struggle in America. The other two verses are not, as the three given are, capable of being spiritualized into a hymn of the more universal war waged between Good and Evil. But that the whole of this fine poem may be known,

and because the war was itself part of the world's war against evil, I place here the second and third verses :—

"I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

"I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
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